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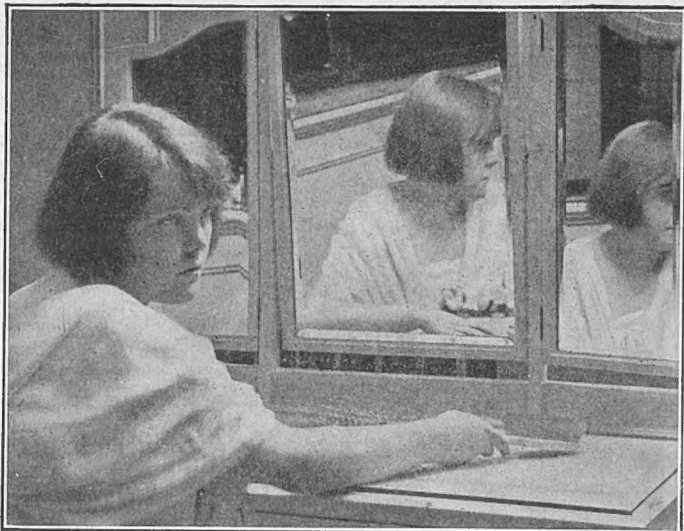
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Photographs by S. Hay Wrightson.

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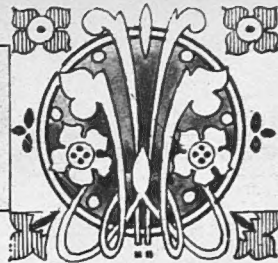
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THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1551—Vol. CXX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



THE COUNTESS VERA LISAVETA, OF THE GAIETY: MISS JOSÉ COLLINS IN HER LATEST SUCCESS.

Miss José Collins has added Countess Vera Lisaveta, the heroine of "The Last Waltz," to her long list of successes. She sings superbly, acts even better than ever, and wears some beautiful frocks. In another part of

"The Sketch" we publish a double-page portrait of Miss José Collins in colour, showing her in her Wedding Eve dress. The music of "The Last Waltz" is by Oscar Straus.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

Teaching Nature.

Dr. J. G. Adami, C.B.E., F.R.S., the Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University, is evidently one of those earnest gentlemen who bravely attempt, every now and again, to teach Nature her job. The doctor's idea is to put everybody into a grade, just as they did during the war.

You would walk into a "testing station" and say to the clerk in charge:

"Good-morning. I wish to be graded."

"Righto," the clerk would reply.

"Fill up this form."

The form being filled up, you would pay the fee. I am quite sure that any process of this sort managed by the Government of any day would mean a form and a fee.

"Good. Would you like the mental test first, or the physical?"

Remembering the ignominy of your Army physical test, you would say, "Oh, I think the mental first, please."

"Righto. Sit down and answer these questions."

A General Examination paper! It would come to that. You couldn't leave it to the clerk-in-charge to put what questions he liked. The whole thing would have to be standardised, and co-ordinated, and multiplicified, and sterilised, and all that sort of thing.

So you would proceed to wonder who built the Menai Bridge, and to estimate the distance between Mars and the Moon.

An A1 Marriage.

The paper completed, the physical test would be easy. Height, weight, chest, heart, lungs—all the rest of it. Eyesight, teeth, family history.

"Good - morning," would say the clerk in charge. "Your grade will be sent on to you."

Being a fine fellow, you are graded "A1." Dr. Adami is convinced that the world would then be yours.

"For an individual to be able to say: 'I am an A1 man'—representing a degree of the higher physical and mental fitness—would be to declare that everything was open to him. Employers would be glad to get such a man."

Naturally. A man who could leap a five-barred gate standing, and knew who built the Menai Bridge, would be the very fellow to meet cunning old business men on their own ground. He might not be able to argue with them, but he could recite all the principal dates in history and then leap over their heads. If that did not clinch the bargain in his favour, well, nothing would.

As for marriage, Dr. Adami is equally convinced that all the girls would want the A1 men. You might have a bullet

head and a squat nose, but that would not matter. Personal charm would be a drug in the market. She would ask for your grade certificate and then look at your back teeth. So much better than poor old Nature's way.

Our Labels.

To do the thing thoroughly, graded people would have to wear labels. The doctor has provided for

the labels in our button-holes, but that custom would inevitably follow. Here are the grades:

A1. The pick of men and women, in respect of both mind and body.

A. The pick mentally (or physically) and thoroughly well developed in all ways.

B. A little defective in one respect.

C. Distinctly above the average.

D. The ordinary average man or woman.

E. Rather below the average.

F. A somewhat measly specimen of humanity.

G. Rotten.

It would all be so jolly, especially for the classes D to G. I suppose the F class would get kicked off the pavement, and the G class drown themselves in the first handy canal.

The Cost of Education.

In the meantime, education has become so expensive, they tell me, that professional men, who should be the brains of the country, cannot afford to send their sons to the leading public schools. The only people, I am bitterly told, who can afford to send their sons to the leading schools are those who made money out of the war. (And those who had and still have some, of course.)

But what is it makes these leading schools so expensive? Do the boys have champagne with their dinner, or are the masters being paid ten times their pre-war salaries? It is absurd to suppose that the public schools are profiteering. They wouldn't do such a thing. You can't imagine it. Their sole desire is to give the best possible education to the best possible type of boy for the least possible sum of money.

And yet it costs a man £6000 to educate two boys and a girl, and he must also buy their clothes and give them a good time during the holidays. He can't do it. He could do it were it not for the income tax, but he can't pay the income tax and educate his children in the old way. He must pay the tax, and the children must be content with a second-rate education. What a whirligig!

I think a very simple solution of the problem would be this: eliminate snobbery. It is not the cost of feeding, or the cost of books, or the salaries of masters that make the leading schools prohibitive. It is the incidental costs—clothes, outfit, subscriptions, pocket-money, extras of all sorts. "Charlie must have everything the other boys have." But Charlie's father can't do it, poor old chap, so Charlie goes to a cheaper school.



THE CAMEL WALK INTRODUCED TO TOWN: JUNE AND CLIFTON WEBB IN THE LATEST DANCE.

There's many a fascinating thing with a queer name, and though the Camel Walk, the new dance by Camille de Rhynal, doesn't sound as if it ought to be very graceful, this photograph of lovely little June Camel-Walking with Clifton Webb shows that it's a very fascinating dance when treated by the right people. June is dancing in "Phi-Phi," at the London Pavilion, and most people agree that the oftener they see her, the more they admire her dainty grace and charm.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

that. The grades are to be "A1," "A," "B," "C," "D," and so on. He doesn't say distinctly that we should have to wear

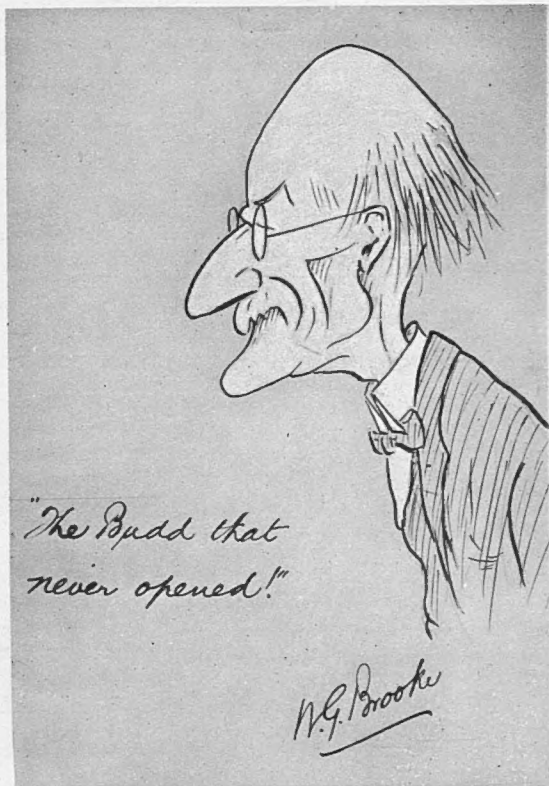
Caricatured for Exhibition: Stock Exchange Celebrities.



Mr. Lowenstein; by J.D. Kennedy.



"A Veray Parfit Gentil Knight?"
The Chairman: Sir Wilfrid Atlay;
By Ralph Cleaver.



Mr. Budd; by W.G. Brooke.



Mr. George D. Atkin; by J.D. Kennedy.



Mr. Arthur Blathwayt; by J.D. Kennedy.



Mr. Reginald Pott; by S.M. Young.

The seventeenth Exhibition of the Stock Exchange Art Society, held in the Drapers' Hall, includes a number of amusing caricatures of well-known figures in the City which suggest that the cool personality of the financier may conceal a whimsical artistic sense. Our page shows a selection of the caricatures exhibited. Sir Wilfrid Atlay, Chairman of the Stock Exchange,

was so pleasantly amused at the cartoon of himself that he bought it at the opening of the Exhibition. The drawing of Mr. Potts astride a steam-engine aroused considerable amusement, as the victim is a prominent member of the Railway Market. The exhibition contains examples of the work of Stock Exchange members, their wives and daughters, etc.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

At the Play. I knew London was itself again. My Monday night at "The Cabaret Girl" convinced me that I might hold up my head and not pretend still to be somewhere in the country or by the sea.

And if some people imagine that our Sailor Prince is not a real sailor, Jane has only to remind them that he was serving in H.M.S. *Collingwood* during the Battle of Jutland, where he was highly commended for his services in Lord Jellicoe's despatch. And that he holds a pilot's certificate in the R.A.F., and is now a Wing-Commander. And if lesser young men imagine that the Duke of York has not really worked, they need only remember that at Cambridge his studies were history, economics, and civics; and that, as President of the Industrial Welfare Society, he has worked harder than any young man in England. His Royal Highness on his visit to Bucharest was attended by Admiral H. H. Campbell.

At the Carlton. The first dance supper at the Carlton was very amusing. Coloured lights in the conservatory, huge paper flowers, favours, noisy toys—it was all like those places in Paris you usually go to for the first time on your honeymoon, because—in Paris—no unmarried woman must be seen there.

Lord Lurgan was having supper with a party, and crowds of well-known actors and actresses, including George Grossmith and Mr. and Mrs. Pat Malone; and Lord and Lady Portarlington were dancing and entertaining a young party that included, among others, that lovely Miss Paula Gelli-brand, who has lately become a professional (and very successful) "Society girl" mannequin.

Lady Crosfield. People are paralysed at the audacity of the new kind of thief, and everywhere one hears much sympathy expressed

for Lady Crosfield, who has just had over five thousand pounds' worth of jewels stolen from her Highgate home. We all know her best through her delightful tennis parties there in the summer, and she and Sir Arthur also give jolly little parties at Cannes during the season there; and there is no woman in England more popular with all who know her, or more loved by her friends.

I suppose I'm not much of a sportsman, but I do think ping-pong the only game worth playing at the moment.

And I'm not the only one.

I won't say where it was, but last weekend we all had glorious fun dashing at the little celluloid balls with our little white bats, knocking our heads together picking up balls, stepping over each other's feet (and on them), scratching each other's hands as we attempted to take

the bat in a foursome, and generally enjoying ourselves more than we have done since those old nursery days when we played football with the drawing-room sofa-cushions in that all-too-short interval between being left by Nannie and joined by the grown-ups for that tedious hour when we tolerated the fairy-tales of our betters for the sake of the really amusing ones they let us tell each other when they were all tired out. (I began to think that sentence could *never* be finished!)

Ping-Pong. Anyhow, there is no doubt about it: ping-pong has come to stay for the autumn. Everybody is doing it. Possibly it is one last desperate attempt to avoid the backward swing of the pendulum and early Victorian manners. Or it may be merely that the wet tennis-courts out of doors have driven us to take our exercise in the evening. Or more probably that the evolution of our species demands even quicker eyes, quicker hands, lighter fingers, and more hilarious laughter than jazz music ever produced. I heard girls—even young girls—laugh aloud last week-end. (And no one ever saw them even smile while they fox-trotted or one-stepped! The business in hand was much too solemn. Only their toes were alive. The rest of them gazed into space, or didn't even do that, but followed their partners round the room like mechanical dolls that you knew must be alive only because you saw them breathing.)

But, best of all, I believe we ping-pong for the fun of the thing, for no reason at all. You begin by being very superior if you are over twenty-five. "Ping-pong? Mydear—of course I can't! It's a nursery game!" So you read an erudite book till the noise of those ruffians positively drags you to murder them. And, having so far debased yourself, you think you might as well fall further. And then you discover the joy of it, and you are as hot as the hottest before you have even mastered the score.

If all our leaders-writers and statesmen would only play it instead of learning long words, I'm sure the world would be a happier place.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha and General Harington might decide the geography of the Near East in the back parlour of the nearest neutral hotel.

Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré, with Lord Curzon as umpire, would make an excellent match; and Thrace, Turkey, and Greece could send



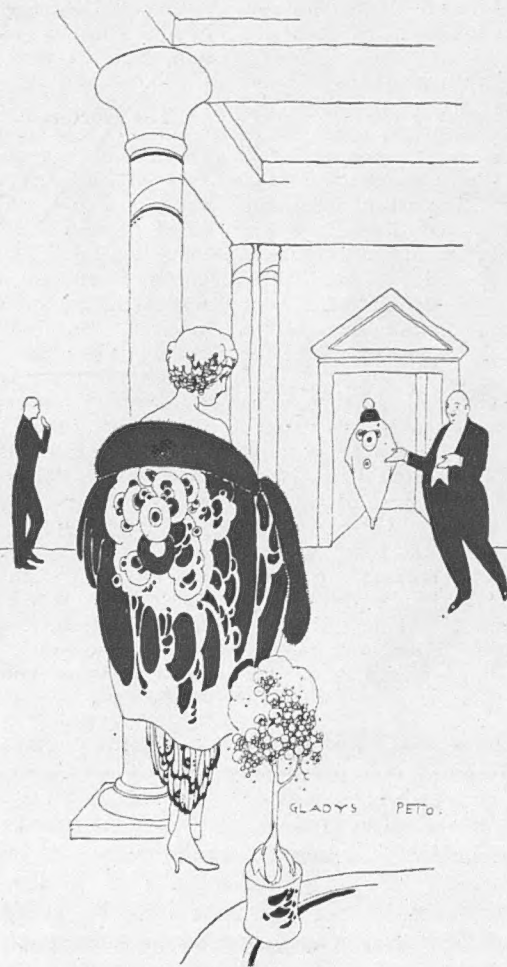
1. Angela is an enthusiastic follower of the new fashion for coloured silk wigs. She has a jet-black vampire wig, complete with Spanish comb and roses for luring her more youthful admirers.

I ran into that delightful Mr. Bruce Ogilvie (who was with the Prince on his Indian tour), and a contingent of Lady Meux's daughters—Lady Stanley, Mrs. Gordon Gilmour, Lady Hillingdon—and all their husbands. Also the Euan Wallaces, and just in front of them Lady Curzon of Kedleston, and not far off, Lord Astor and his sister, Mrs. Spender Clay.

Later, at the Embassy Club, I found Lady Cunard and M. Wolkoff; and, amongst innumerable other young dancing men, saw Mr. Wilson-Filmer, who has just returned from Beaulieu. Next day I met the Bibescos, who, I hear, are leaving Washington for good and returning to Roumania.

Prince Paul of Serbia, that most attractive young man who has endeared himself to everyone in England since the early days of his Oxford life here, has also gone to Bucharest to represent his King at the Coronation of the King of Roumania, where our own Duke of York is to represent our King. His Royal Highness left last Monday—his second mission to a foreign Court. The first was last summer, when he acted as a "Koom," or sponsor, at the wedding of King Alexander of Serbia, where he made a great impression—so a correspondent wrote—not only on the Royal wedding guests, but also on the joyous populace by his modest grace and by the unaffected friendliness of his bearing.

Indeed, the nation is fully appreciating how readily and efficiently our young Prince is helping his brother the Prince of Wales in those duties which are yearly becoming more and more numerous and exacting.



2. For assignations with the elderly, she has a pale-blue curly bébé wig

representatives who would be entitled to free seats; and there would be no beating of war-drums and no more mobilisations and appeals to the Dominions; and the next Budget would— But who is Jane that she should trespass on the satirical style of our most dignified morning newspaper?

Anyhow, the coolness and common-sense of Lord Curzon have saved the situation again. That is what everyone has been saying, and Jane joins in the chorus. Even the patriotic Die-Hards ought to see now precisely *why* he stuck to the Government. There were delicate touches needed in Paris; clumsy handling would certainly have broken our Entente; and who of us who loves a little white cross "somewhere in France" could have tolerated that?

Constance Duchess of Westminster.

Constance Duchess of Westminster is just back from visiting her sister, Princess Henry of Pless. An she would, she could tell us a great deal. But she is too worried over poor Princess Daisy's health at present, I'm afraid, to discuss international policy. Certainly it is no wonder she is so ill after all she has gone through during the war—an English lady with her husband and son both armed against her beloved England.

A Good Week. The return of the Court from Balmoral, the Carl Rosa Opera at Covent Garden, the Cesarewitch with the King at Newmarket, the Private View of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and one or two important weddings and little dinners—quite a good week, on the whole, as a start, if only the Michaelmas bills hadn't poured in to spoil it all, and rate-collectors and abstruse documents from impertinent officials commanding you to fill in this and that, and lie at your peril about your income or your age.

And Jane caught sight of a very sun-burnt Lord Chancellor on his way to receive the Lord Mayor-elect on Thursday morning at the House of Lords. And a little later, quite a number of sedate doctors of the law on their way to Westminster Abbey for the service re-opening the Law Courts. And on Friday there was Lady (Trevor) Dawson's dance at Letchmore Heath, in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital; and lots of us went down to Babraham on the 11th for Lord Folkestone's wedding to Miss Adeane—those of us who were not already at Newmarket.

Earlier in the week, too, we all flocked to see Lady Alma Stopford marry Colonel Hoare at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and on the same afternoon Miss MacRae and Mr. Milburn at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Autumn weddings always make me wistful. The last of the sun invariably shines through some stained-glass window on to the bride and the children; and no matter how hard you try, that old, sentimental lump will

rise, and then the music brings things to a climax. If anyone ever watched Jane at *any* wedding, they would declare she was in love with the bridegroom herself. But as most people are as busy with their own

emotions it doesn't really matter.

Lord Courtown gave away his daughter, Lady Alma Stopford, who wore a

lovely gown of gold tissue trimmed with Brussels lace, and a long veil, also of old lace. Her sisters, Lady Eileen Stopford and Lady Marjorie Stopford, were her bridesmaids, as well as the bridegroom's sister, Miss Hoare; his niece, Miss Nancy Hoare; and the bride's four nieces—the Misses Patricia, Moyra, Cecilia, and Anne Stopford, who all wore pale yellow georgette. The grown-up girls wore becoming wreaths of tinted autumn leaves, and the little ones dainty lace caps.

Lord and Lady Courtown held a reception afterwards at 32, Chesham Place, and then the bride and bridegroom left for Ovington Park, Hampshire, the Arthur Hoares' place,

lent to them for the first part of the honeymoon before they go on to Spain.

Colonel Hoare is, of course, the eldest son of Mr. William Hoare, of Summerhill, Benenden, near Cranbrook, Kent.

The Garter.

No one seems to know yet whether there is a vacancy created among the members of the Order of the Garter or not. The new Lord Spencer will hand back the insignia of the Order worn by his late father, in accordance with custom. But as Lord Lascelles was an "Extra Knight," the prescribed number—twenty-four—is already at Statute strength. Nevertheless, there are various speculations abroad concerning possible people to fill the vacancy—if it is a vacancy. Jane will not be consulted in the matter, so there is no use in nominating *her* selection, though there is no doubt that the inconspicuous young man—the only one she *knows* to be worthy of it—hasn't an earthly! Gone are the days when mere chivalry and good looks counted. Sir Walter Raleigh himself wouldn't have a look-in to-day—not with "Dash," and "Dash - Dash," and "Dash - Dash - Dash" all falling over their own feet to advertise their own

merits and astounding qualities. It is an amusing fact that at the last really grand party Jane attended, positively the only undecorated male in the room was a regimental soldier who had been all through the war, gassed, wounded, and had his toes frost-bitten till they hardly looked like toes at all. But, after all, it is the little star that proclaims you have been "mentioned in despatches" that really counts.

I must tell you about another wedding. On Saturday we had a naval one—that nice Mr. G. Congreve and Miss Allhusen, at St. James's, Piccadilly—the church you never *could* pass during the war without wondering why we Protestants locked church doors between services, as though those precious soldiers and sailors didn't need us there on our knees *alone* more often even than in crowds at set intervals.

There I am again—back at war talk. And there is still so much left to tell about. The dinner at Claridge's, for instance, on the 16th, to Lord Inchcape before his departure for India; and the wedding on the 19th—to-morrow—of Lady Doris Blackwood to Captain Cecil Gunston, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and later in the month (to be precise, on the 24th), the wedding of Lord Bateman's sister, the Hon. Rosamund Bateman-Hanbury, to Canon Douglas-Hamilton at the Church of the Annunciation, Bryanston Street. An expensive month, this, in wedding-presents.

We all had to give *very* nice ones to Miss Dulsie Bailey, because her mother, Lady Glanusk, gave such jolly ones to everyone always. Miss Bailey married last Thursday at Llangattock Church, Breconshire. Her husband, Mr. Alastair Cooper, is the second son of Sir George and Lady Cooper, of Hursley Park. Lord Glanusk opened Glanusk Park for the event, though it has been closed for months, and now he and Lady Glanusk, and his eldest son and daughter-in-law, are about to go for a long voyage to—I think—the West Indies. Oh, if only they would take Jane! Palms, and blue skies, and orange-groves, and sweet-smelling, waxy flowers, and long strips of hot sand!

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



3. . . . And a fine blue (stocking) wig, with spectacles attached, for highbrow assemblies



4. . . . And a bright-red bob wig for artistic gatherings.

Notable Country Weddings: At Babraham and Llangattock.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF RADNOR'S SON: VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE WITH HIS BRIDE (MISS HELENA ADEANE), THE BRIDESMAIDS, MR. RICHARD SOWERBY (BEST MAN), AND TRAIN-BEARERS.



THE MARRIAGE OF LORD GLANUSK'S ONLY DAUGHTER: THE HON. DULSIE BAILEY, WITH HER BRIDEGROOM, MR. ALASTAIR COOPER; BRIDESMAIDS, THE BEST MAN, AND RELATIVES.

The marriage of Viscount Folkestone, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, to Miss Helena Olivia Adeane was celebrated at St. Peter's, Babraham. The bridesmaids were the Ladies Katherine, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Helen Pleydell-Bouverie (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss Olivia Wyndham (cousin of the bride), Miss Daphne Graham (daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Cynthia Graham), and Lady Margaret Lindsay (daughter of the Earl and Countess of Crawford); the two little girl attendants were Miss Elizabeth Wigan and Miss Juliet Colman (nieces of

the bride); and the train-bearers were Master David Petherick and Master Charles Kay-Shuttleworth.—The marriage of the Hon. Dulsie Bailey, only daughter of Lord and Lady Glanusk, to Mr. Alastair Cooper, second son of Sir George and Lady Cooper, was celebrated at Llangattock Church, Breconshire. Our group shows the bride and bridegroom, best man, Captain G. H. R. Cooper; bridesmaids: Miss Barnes-Gorell, Miss Sophie Donner, and Miss Honor Worthington; train-bearers: Mark and Hazel Wilkie; Lord and Lady Glanusk, and other relatives.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Daughter Goes on the Stage.



TO APPEAR IN A RÔLE CREATED BY HER MOTHER: MISS PRUDENCE VANBRUGH (BOURCHIER).

Miss Prudence Bourchier, the daughter of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, is to make her stage début on Sunday, Nov. 5, at the Palladium in Mr. Keble Howard's "The Test Kiss"—in a rôle created by her mother. Miss Bourchier, who will act under the name of Miss Prudence Vanbrugh, is probably the only girl who has made

her social début at Court in the same year that she makes her stage début. She was presented this year by her aunt, Lady Barnes. The part which Mr. Keble Howard played in the first production of his own play, "The Test Kiss," will be taken by Mr. Harold French, of "Blue Lagoon" fame.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE LAST WALTZ," AT THE GAIETY.

"Something from everything, everything from something."

I AGREE with the English adapters. These modern Viennese composers and their librettists follow the footsteps of Mr. Ford. From spare parts galore they "assemble" plot and score, and pop goes the weasel! The result is a pleasant affair in a Ruritania kind of kingdom, with a fair Countess, a quartet of pretty little sisters, an English officer as a hero, a mother of mature vintage (and youthful ardour), a Bashi-Bazouk kind of Prince with a whip and a tender heart where the ladies are concerned, a much-ad-about-nothing row which would have nearly cost the hero's life had there not been a heroine to save him, also a comic "la-di-da" young fellow ever a-courting and advancing, and—the thing that matters—the Waltz.

Now Oscar Straus with one "s," although he is left miles behind by the immortal Joseph of the two "s's"—the "Blue Danube" and all the inspiration that followed this brain-wave—knows how to caress the ear. Once he wrote "A Waltz Dream" that raised great hopes never since approached. But the waltz which forms the *leit-motif* of this latest work is so lilting and so haunting that even the most unmusical hearer must carry it home and hum it with the duster and the shaving-brush. There are other pretty bits in the score, but Oscar Straus knows that sufficient unto an operetta is the one waltz thereof, and so it is ever with us in fragments; and when I had counted it some twenty times I felt that one can have too much even of an amorous refrain. Miss José Collins was, of course, the outshining light of the occasion. Her personality is as commanding as ever; she has some beautiful notes, some forced ones, and a diction not always audible in the far-away seats of the house. I could imagine a different exponent—more ethereal, poetic—but none as radiant, as assured, as holding everything together by her *savoir-faire*.

But there was one little person in the cast who, to my imagination, was as fascinating as any exponent on our musical-comedy stage. I refer to Miss Vesta Sylva—in her blondness the picture of British beauty; and in her naturalness, daintiness, charm of voice and pointedness of repartee—to say nothing of her nimble little feet—all that youth and freshness means. She had a scene with Mr. Billy Leonard—who deserves all praise for his hard work in scant humorous material—in which the word "No" had a world of meaning, and every time she uttered it the audience was under the spell of her "ingénueity." Here is a little star at the horizon. Mr. Kingsley Lark, the hero, sang well, but as an actor he lacks inspiration; Mr. Bertram Wallis was a fine and formidable Prince, and Miss Amy Augarde was, as usual, wasted on the traditional matron of comic opera; but with her presence, her intellect, her piquancy, she burnishes the old stuff so that it glitters like gold.

II.—"THE ISLAND KING," AT THE ADELPHI.

Opening Chorus: "Oh what a topping show."

I AGREED with that chorus; and there was at least one real Briton in the gallery with whom I would have wished to shake hands, because he had the pluck to shout that he preferred this "all-English" operetta to importations. For, however much I like the Viennese waltzes of all kinds, when something comes along which brings us the spirit of the people at home, the brine, the breeze, the flow and the flavour of our "happy little island," there should be no carping, but joy and encouragement. And "The Island King" is English in the best sense of the word. It is fresh, simple, sincere, with a hearty note, a note of heart, and nearly every other song is in praise of English valour, home and beauty. To me, such a production is a real treat, and whilst I let myself go over it I do not care a rap whether the plot is not a "find," or the music entirely original.

It kindles me into the hail-fellow-well-met state of mind, and that is good when the world without is a kind of witches' cauldron, seething with strife, discontent, and an unprecedented wave of unhappiness in all directions. Nor would it be quite fair to Mr. Peter Gawthorne, capital actor as well as a promising librettist, to blame him that his originality did not soar high. At any rate, he inspired his composer, Harold Garstin, whose orchestration is no mere tam-tam and *obbligato*, and whose tunes—especially the



A PRIMA-DONNA OF THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY'S SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS EVA TURNER.

Miss Eva Turner was heard as Madame Butterfly on the opening night of the season. Her singing and acting roused great admiration. She has subsequently been heard in "Aida," and other well-known operas, with equal success.—[Photograph by Philip Brain.]

patriotic ones—roused the first-nighters to real enthusiasm. With some twenty minutes' shortening, this pleasant tale of the Chief Petty Officer, 'Oppy, who has swanked in the Island of Etaria as a full-blown admiral and actually become its King, with a *café-au-lait* bride into the bargain, will be great fun,



WHEN MILADY "SAVED" ON NIGHTIES: MISS MARION DAVIES IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

"When Knighthood was in Flower" is the American film recently produced at the Scala. In the days of chivalry, ladies were saved big lingerie bills, as it was not the fashion to retire to rest wearing a nightie.—[Photograph by E. Buchanan Taylor.]

and interesting too, for it is well knit together, and goes straighter to the point than most books of musical comedy.

Now, 'Oppy is Mr. William H. Berry, and that in itself means a kingdom of mirth. I need not tell you how he looks as a naval man, as a king; sometimes in his cups and sometimes near them. You all know

this happy, blue-eyed mortal who has but to turn a finger or a muscle to make you laugh. Nor is it easy to discover why he is so much more comic than other comedians. I think it is because humour in him is innate, not cultivated—he revels in a thought, a word, and as he shoots either at us it goes bang home! In Miss Dorothy Shale—the little princess whom 'Oppy preferred to see not too much dressed up—we had a delightful heroine. She looked a native; she played her archaically; she sang her angelically—hers is a voice as pure as crystal, with the little note of vibration that echoes everywhere in the house.

There were others who deserve their share in a great success—Mr. C. M. Lowne, Mr. George Bishop (a fine specimen of the R.N. and a singer), Mr. Alfred Clark, Miss Louie Pounds, *toujours charmante*; Miss Nancie Lovat, pretty, promising, and still a little too passive. There was beauty in the chorus, in the island scenery—a nocturne of exotic luxury—there was jazz in the orchestra under Jacques Heuvel; there was hail! all round to the King whose reign will be long and prosperous in our new dominion of Etaria.

III.

"MR. BUDD (OF KENNINGTON, S.E.), AT THE ROYALTY.

"I think you are wonderful."

THAT is what Mildred Brodie, of Kennington, S.E., said to her 'cute little whipper-snapper of an insurance agent, when he totted up his daily commissions; and the beautiful blonde Princess Natalie of Monterbia said it also when she read those words of dedication on Mildred's photograph which had slipped from his pocket after—the gods know how—he, the whipper-snapper, had become the heir-apparent to a realm where kings are cheap and quickly dispatched.

Now Tubby Edlin—who, as we know, made our Queen laugh at a gala performance, and on the crest of her exalted smile rose to fame—is really a wonderful comedian, and when he has forgotten some things of the Halls, and has learned some things of the theatre, he may one day become the long-expected successor of the unforgettable Jimmy Welch. For Tubby is what I would call pathetically comic: there is a *povero pagliaccio* air about him which is indescribable and very telling. One would say he looks upon life as a tragedy, and has made up his mind to make the best of it. And he does it in all ways—with his eyes, with quaint movements (the "business" of the Halls), with a smile, a leer, a nod, a sudden *pirouette à la* hornpipe; and it is all in the picture, all ever so pleasant. We like this little man, and we feel that he wants us to like him.

He had but one moment when he disappointed us. It was, perhaps, the moment of the play, and it showed what Tubby had yet to learn. The people of Monterbia were in revolt, clamouring under the palace windows for the ruler's life. Then our little whipper-snapper buckled to and addressed them—inwardly trembling with fear, outwardly as brave as a hero. Now, Tubby was wonderful in tribulation, but deficient in elocution; so it seemed somewhat unreal that his feeble delivery averted disaster. Had his braggadocio equalled his anguish, the scene would have been powerful; now it was merely pleasant. To learn the difference between the twain will be the task of "the wonderful little man." Elocution is the life-blood of histrionic art.

Mr. Maltby's play, which is, as usual, very funny in parts, and not quite satisfactory as a whole (he is too fond of harping on the same string, for we got tired of his comic-opera Cabinet Ministers and their constant changes of portfolio), led to the discovery of another artist of great promise. Miss Helen Coran, as fair as an ear of corn, as sweet as lavender (oh that Sir Arthur would see her!), bewitched us, not only by her person, but also by her personality. She is the *ingénue* in the poetic innocence of the word.



THE MARRIAGE OF MAJOR OTTO LUND AND MISS "PEGGY" HARRISON: A GROUP INCLUDING H.E. THE VICEROY OF INDIA AND LADY READING, AND THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



THE WIFE AND FAMILY OF A FINANCIER WHO HOPES TO OPEN UP RUSSIA: MRS. LESLIE URQUHART AND HER CHILDREN.

The marriage of Major Otto Lund, D.S.O., R.A., A.D.C. to Lord Rawlinson, Commander-in-Chief in India, to Miss Margaret Phyllis Francis (Peggy) Harrison took place in Simla, and was a social event of great importance. Our photograph shows (from left to right), standing: Mr. Philip Harrison, Captain the Hon. John Jervis, Mrs. Macartney, Captain Ralph Burton (best man), the bride, the bridegroom, Miss Kitty Harrison, Major Gannon, and Major Macartney; seated: the Bishop of Lahore, Mrs. John Greig (sister of the bride), H.E. the Viceroy, the Countess of Reading, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lady Hambro;

and (on the ground) Miss Margaret Carey-Evans, Miss Heather Eliot, Master Jim Mayne, Miss Montgomery, and Miss Peggy Palin.—Considerable interest was aroused by the agreement made by Mr. Urquhart, head of the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated Company, with Mr. Krassin. The Moscow Government's attitude towards this agreement has been affected by the political situation, but Mr. Urquhart states that the non-ratification is only a hitch, not a breakdown. Mrs. Urquhart, who is shown in our photograph with her children at Brasted Place, Kent, was formerly Comtesse de Silva-Bald.—[Photographs No. 1 by F. Bremner; No. 2, by Speaight.]

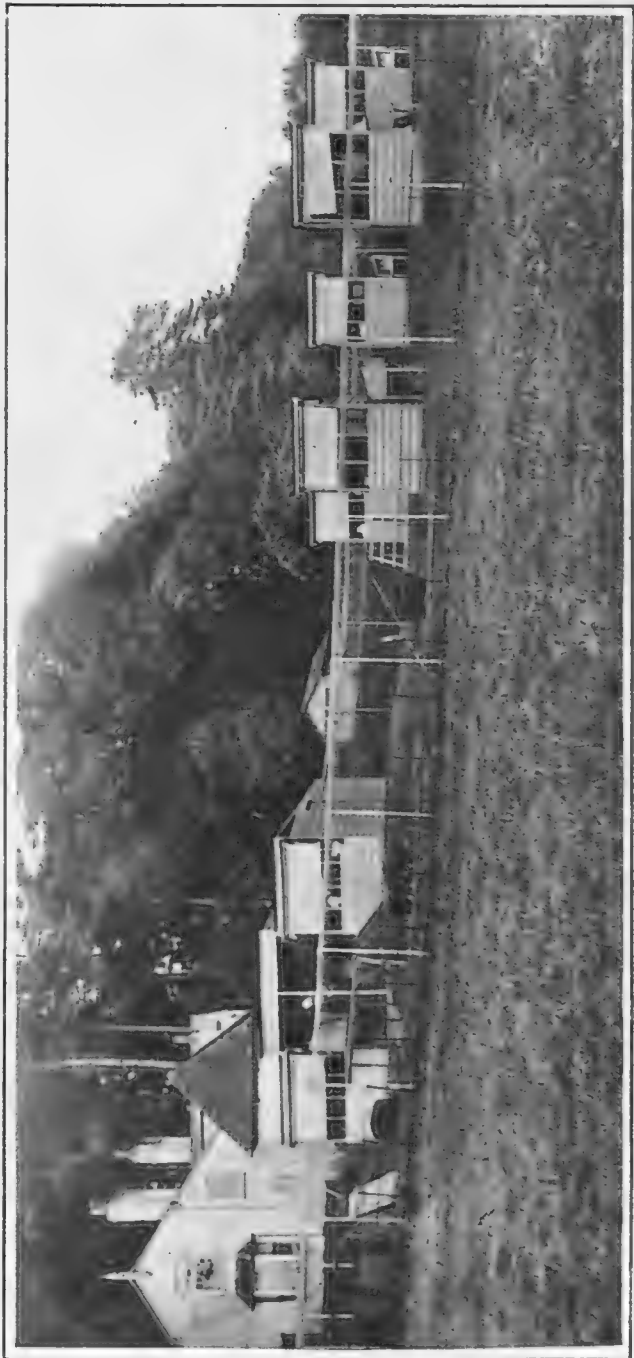
Grimalkin's Kingdom and Its Lovely Population.



A BEAUTY OF SIX MONTHS OF AGE WHO HAS WON MANY PRIZES: MINLEY PERFECTION.



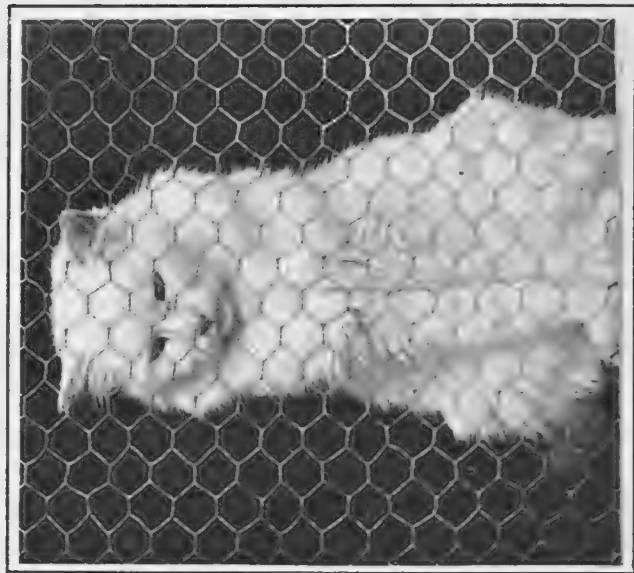
A BLUE-EYED PERSIAN AND PRIZE-WINNER AT THE LAST KENSINGTON CAT SHOW: MINLEY RISING STAR.



THE CAT FARM AT WHICH EACH PUSS HAS A CUBICLE TO ITSELF: A GENERAL VIEW OF MINLEY.

The cat has been the favoured animal of many great men. Baudelaire and Swinburne are among the poets who loved Grimalkin, and Pierre Loti, the novelist, finds inspiration in Pussie's grace and dainty elegance. Cat-lovers will all be lost in admiration of the beauties we show on this

Photographs by Photobress.



PRIDE OF RACE IN EVERY FEATURE: A PERSIAN QUEEN.

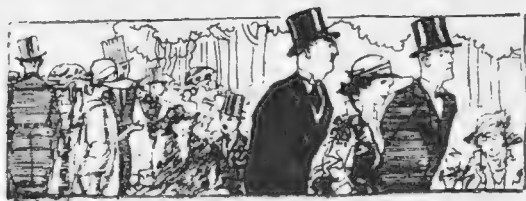
page. They are some of the wonderful blue-eyed Persians bred by Mrs. Lawrence Currie, of Minley Manor, Farnborough, Hants, on her cat farm, and have been victorious in many show-rings. Each cat on the farm has a cubicle to itself.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

This beautiful cat study is a fine example of the work of M. Ferdinand Henri Oger, the well-known French artist and pupil of Frémiet. "Sketch" readers will be interested to know that copies of the picture here reproduced can be obtained from this office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, or from the Le Goupy Gallery, Paris.

FROM THE DRAWING BY FERDINAND HENRI OGER.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

The New Café Royal.

The *Evening News* gave us some very interesting information the other day about the alterations that are to be made at the Café Royal. In eighteen months or so the present lease falls in, as leases are doing all down Regent Street; it is this which accounts for the wave of rebuilding which has set in in the famous thoroughfare, for rents, under the new leases, being much higher, more use must be made of the sites. Hence larger premises and an increased number of storeys. The Café Royal is to spend half-a-million making new developments. When completed, the building will accommodate 5000 diners, instead of 1000, as now. Fortunately, all the familiar features are to remain. There will be no doing-away with the historic dining-rooms. We are not to miss the mirrors, and the decorations of gold, and the paintings on the ceilings. There will be more modern rooms occupying the greater space at the disposal of the architect; but the old rooms, beloved of the gourmet who forty and fifty years ago learned where in London to go for good food, will remain.

That is cheering news indeed, for the Café Royal belongs to a London we may not see again, a London of dignity and repose and pride in quality. I doubt if any leading London restaurant has emerged from the war less unruffled, less unchanged in atmosphere. Like the Haymarket Theatre, which has continued to produce only "Haymarket" comedies, the Café Royal has retained its distinctiveness.

M. Nicol Originally a Coach-BUILDER.

In the many notices I have read of the Café Royal and its beginning—and how the Café Royal, Kettners, and the now defunct Dieudonné were the first French restaurants of the highest class in London, and never succumbed to the temptation to have music with meals—I have never seen written down the real origin of M. Nicol, founder of the Café Royal and grandfather of the present general manager, Mr. Daniel Pigache, who was born in 1885.

The story is mostly told that M. Nicol was a Paris waiter who came to London, saw what an opportunity existed for a real French restaurant in London, and, with the aid of a devoted and extremely able wife, took that opportunity, and in course of time prospered.

But never in his life was M. Nicol a waiter. In his early days he was a coach-builder, and lived in a small place in the middle of Burgundy. Then, tiring of the country, he went

to Paris and set up business as a wine merchant. But, still restless, he paid a visit to London, and then it was that he conceived his plan of founding a French restaurant in the English Metropolis, which at that time had little regard for the French *cuisine*.

Sixteen Hours a Day.

Mme. Nicol, who lived to a very great age, became better known to Café Royal habitués than did her husband. Once when I asked her the secret of the Café Royal's success, she said it was because for sixteen

England it is only a special crowd of knowledgeable enthusiasts, such as you might find at a boxing match, that could compare in frank, understanding criticism with the gallery opera-goers of Naples and Milan. It is in method that they are chiefly interested: how a singer obtains his effects.

"And when they approve they want the singer to appear again and again to accept their applause. Once at Naples I went to hear a very great and vastly popular singer. He had at least thirty calls at the end of the first act, and bowed and smiled, and the on-lookers were obviously delighted with him. The applause continued, and at last the singer got tired, and showed that he was not anxious to respond to another call. The whole temper of the house changed in a flash. The gallery would have nothing more of their favourite that evening."

"Only on Sufferance." In the club-house of the

Royal St. George's Golf Club, Sandwich, hangs a framed notice instructing members as to the committee's rules for lady players. One very frank phrase appears in the notice. Members are informed that lady players are permitted to use the course "only on sufferance."

Jesting gossips say that the phrase was inserted to give pause to a certain well-known lady player who is celebrated more for her conversational powers than for her skill on the links. It is added that when this lady first saw the notice she turned its face towards the wall.

Miss Neilson-Terry in the Pit. Not every theatrical celebrity

looks for the public attention which is supposed to be the breath of life to the stage. I heard

the other day that Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry and her husband went to take the East Coast air at Yarmouth. "The Wheel," in which Miss Neilson-Terry gave so singularly powerful a performance, was being played at the local theatre. She thought she would like to see the play from the other side of the footlights. But she didn't go in a box, where all the audience might see and recognise her, whence the news of her presence in the theatre might trickle round to the back of the stage and possibly unsettle the young actress who was playing her part. Miss Neilson-Terry and her husband took seats in the pit, and it wasn't until afterwards, when Miss Neilson-Terry sent round flowers and compliments to the little-known actress, that anyone connected with the theatre knew she was in the house. Rather a thrilling surprise for the girl who was playing the Memsahib, wasn't it?



MARQUESS CURZON'S NEPHEW AND HEIR: MR. RICHARD CURZON.

This photograph of Mr. Richard Curzon was taken in the grounds of the Grand Hotel Curhaus, Davos. Mr. Curzon is the only son of the late Colonel the Hon. Nathaniel Curzon, second son of the fourth Baron Scarsdale, and was born in 1896. He is heir to the Viscounty of Scarsdale, created in 1911; to the Barony of Scarsdale, created in 1761; and to the Baronetcy.—[Photograph by E. Himmelsbach.]

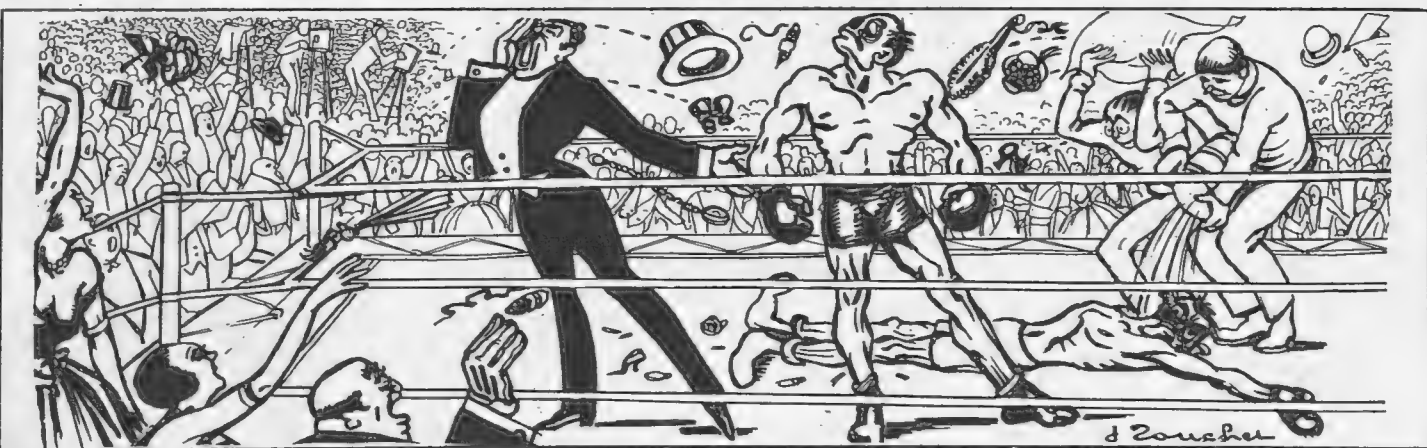
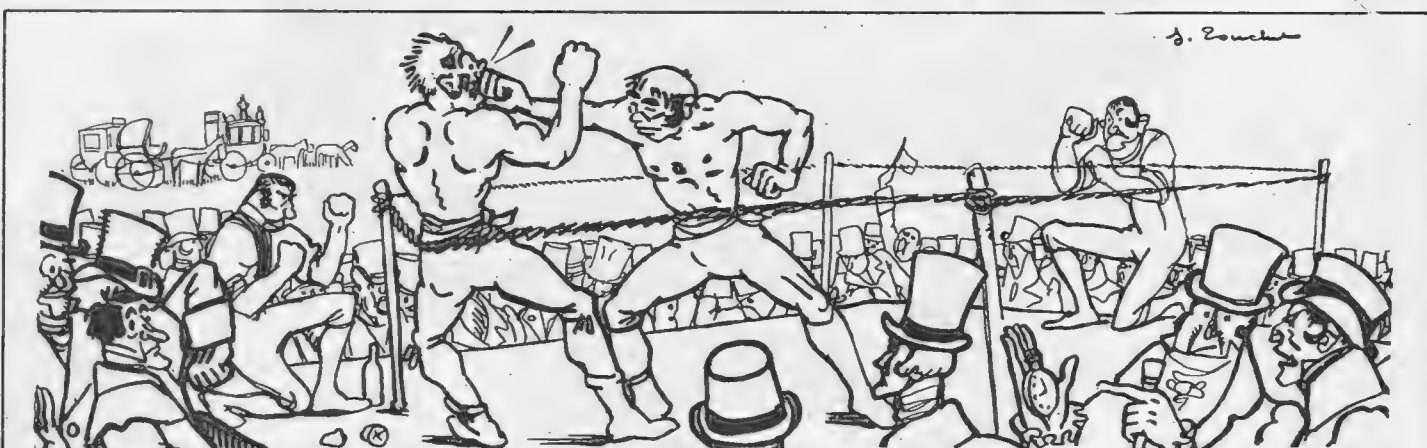
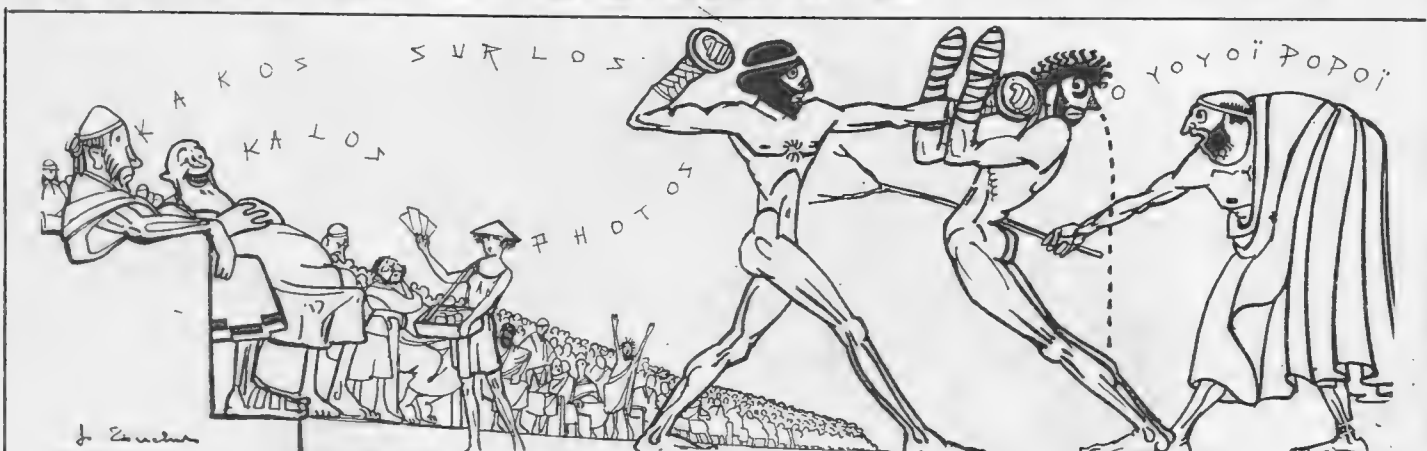
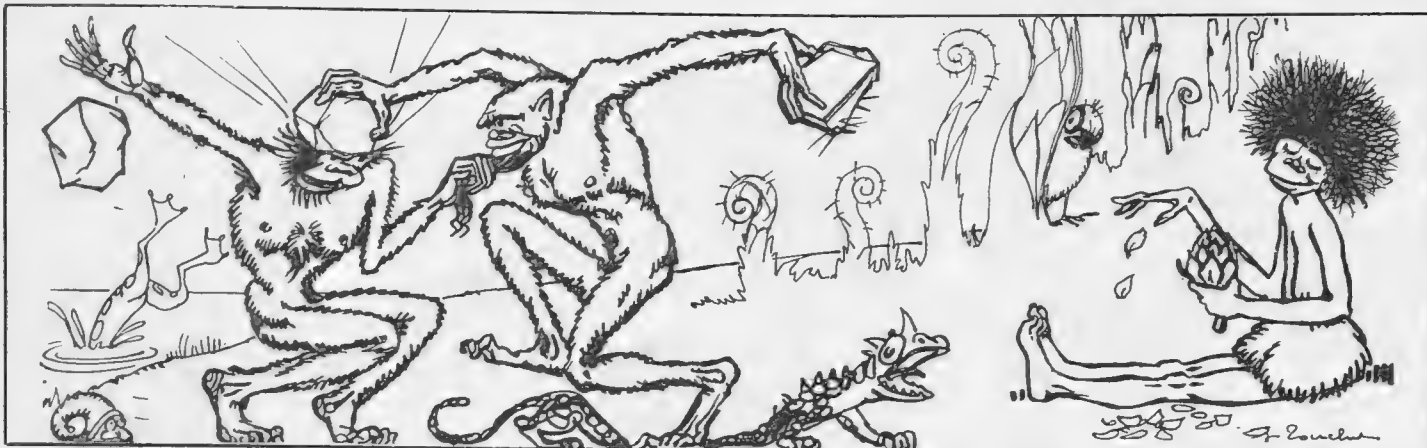
years she and her husband worked sixteen hours a day.

M. Nicol made the Café Royal's stock of red wine famous all over the world. And I believe that the stock of choicest brandy is so big that no renewal has been needed since 1906.

Mr. Joseph Hislop on Gallery Criticism.

Mr. Joseph Hislop, the young Scottish tenor who since the war has won unmistakable success, not only in America, but in Sweden and, greatest test of all, in Italy—where this winter he is to give twenty-five performances in opera—has learned that in the big Italian towns the audience know the score of a well-known work quite as well as the singer.

"There are no audiences in the world so expert in this respect as the Italians," he said the other day. "You might almost say that in



BOXING THROUGH THE AGES—BY A COUNTRYMAN OF CARPENTIER.

By JACQUES TOUCHET.

Reproduced by courtesy of "Le Matin." Shown at the Exhibition Federations Française des Artistes, at the Little Art Rooms, 8, Duke Street, Adelphi.



The Mixed Foursomes.

By R. Endersby Howard.



A New Annual. Everybody agreed that the Worplesdon Club, with its course of wondrous charm among the pines in Surrey, had lighted upon a very happy idea when, last year, it organised an event which resolved itself virtually into the mixed foursome golf championship—an equivalent, let us say, of the mixed doubles championship in lawn-tennis. Naturally, such a tournament was accepted at once as an addition to the hardy annuals, and it will flourish again on the same course during the first four days of next week, beginning on Monday and ending on Thursday. The entry is stronger even than it was twelve months ago. Better than that it hardly need be.

Household Unions. There are plenty of sides that appeal to the imagination. Would it be possible, for instance, to conceive a better pair for such a purpose than Miss Joyce Wethered and her brother Roger? Here we have two players, the girl barely twenty-one, and the man not yet twenty-four, who are among the very greatest golfers of their generation, and who on this occasion have the unusual spur of appearing in co-operation as the representatives of their household. Another sister-and-brother alliance consists of Mrs. J. M. Hulton, who, as Miss Violet Hezlet, was runner-up in the Ladies' Championship of 1911, and Mr. C. O. Hezlet, the Irish Champion of two years ago. Then there are a couple who, if it is true that perfect foursome sides are, like happy marriages, made in heaven, ought to stand a remarkably good chance of winning—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harris. Mr. Harris has been one of the best amateur golfers of recent times, and has made a complete recovery from the illness which prevented him from captaining the British team against the United States at Long Island. Mrs. Harris, in the days when she was Miss Miéville, was a leading player for Middlesex. Another domestic league consists of the former Scottish international, Mr. C. E. Dick, and his daughter, Mrs. Knight.

Relations and Strangers. Fortunately for the prospects of other participants, the foursome is admittedly a funny game, and one of its most curious phases is that a side which has the presumed advantage of family ties or bonds of close friendship frequently proves to be disappointing. There was never a clearer instance of this than in last year's mixed foursomes at Worplesdon. Judging all the players by

what they had done as individuals, there was not a combination in the field comparable with Miss Joyce Wethered and her brother. On form they ought to have overwhelmed every other couple, and their merit stands out so obviously that one feels it would be illogical to look beyond them for the winners of the forthcoming tournament. Yet the fact remains that twelve months ago they were a little bit out of joint all the while, and were ultimately beaten. The winners were Miss E. E. Helme and Mr. T. A. Torrance—two golfers who, I believe, had hardly so much as seen one another until they joined forces for this competition, and who, as individuals,

come to his rescue unfailingly. I imagine that it is rather different to feel that you may have let down your family—not so much your partner's honour, for that is not involved as your family's honour is—by perpetrating a bad shot just when a good one is needed.

Internal Rivalry. It encourages mutual sympathy, and the whole history of foursome play goes to show that it is not sympathy, but a spirit of emulation in a side that produces the best golf at this form of the game. It is generally accepted that fellow-feeling is an essential of success where two golfers are in league for the winning of a match; but the fellow-feeling which promotes the saying of kindly things to one another is by no means an aid to success. The couple to back are the couple in whom there is just sufficient of the element of rivalry to provoke in each player the determination to excel the other. The good of the side can be left to look after itself when this internal competition reigns. That is why two strangers well may produce better results than two very warm friends or relations.



VICTORIOUS IN THE LADIES' COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP AT HUNSTANTON: THE SURREY TEAM AND SPARE PLAYER.

The Surrey Ladies' team was victorious in the County Championship at Hunstanton, beating Yorkshire, Devonshire and Northamptonshire. Our photograph shows the team and the spare. The team consisted of Miss M. Gourlay, Miss E. E. Helme, Miss Joyce Wethered (captain), Miss P. Read; Mrs. Collis Brown, Mrs. Patey, Mrs. E. Hill. Miss Joyce Wethered won all her matches.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

might have lost to several of the players whom they beat in union.

Family Pride. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that a household alliance often possesses the defects of its own qualities; that the one player is apt to feel a little too concerned and sympathetic, and even worried, about a weak shot at a crisis by his or her partner. It is a blow to the family pride as much as a misfortune to the side; it is a kind of double calamity, with each member feeling the same about it. We all know the perfect foursome partner. When you make a bad shot, he goes forward with the determination to retrieve it written on his speaking countenance—almost revelling in the situation which gives him a chance to do something heroic and make amends for your deficiencies. Having no more than an ordinary acquaintance with him, you reflect that mistakes will happen sometimes, and resolve that, when he commits one, you will

two of the keenest rivals in the history of the game. It was Taylor who gained the distinction of being the first great English professional; it was Vardon who knocked him off his pedestal and won recognition as the finest golfer ever seen anywhere. In later years, Taylor "staged a comeback," as the Americans say, and even chased Vardon out to the United States to try and prevent him from winning the championship when the latter was touring there. It was perfectly friendly and healthy rivalry, but it was needle-pointed. They agreed to differ upon everything connected with the game—upon the methods by which it should be played, and a dozen other subjects. When they came to perform together as a side, each was so determined to show that he was as good as, if not better than, the other, that the result was a display of golf which made poor Braid and Herd long to hide their diminished heads.

A Famous Foursome.

By far the finest four-some golf I ever saw was played by Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor in the second stage of their four-green match with James Braid and Alexander Herd for £400 some seventeen years ago. It took place at Troon—where next year's Open Championship is to be decided—and Vardon and Taylor, by golf of a brilliancy worthy of wizards, gained an advantage of fourteen holes in the thirty-six, and placed the issue beyond doubt, even though seventy-two holes remained to be played. Vardon and Taylor have been always

A Fifteenth Earl and His Family.



WITH LORD HERBERT, THE HON. DAVID HERBERT, THE HON. ANTHONY HERBERT, AND LADY PATRICIA HERBERT: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.



THE MOST IMPORTANT DÉBUTANTE. OF THE AUTUMN: LADY PATRICIA HERBERT.



TO HAVE A BALL GIVEN FOR HER AT WILTON HOUSE ON OCT. 27: LADY PATRICIA HERBERT.



THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF AN ANCIENT RACE: LADY PATRICIA HERBERT.

The début of the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery is one of the most important social events of the autumn season, and will be celebrated by a ball at Wilton House, Salisbury, on October 27, which, advance rumour states, will be attended by the Prince of Wales. The family of Herbert is one of great distinction and antiquity. The Earldom of Pembroke and Barony of Herbert date from 1551, when they were conferred on Sir William Herbert, Chief Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, Master of the Horse,

twice Governor of the Forces sent into Picardy, twice Governor of Calais, and Captain-General of the Armies beyond the Seas. The present Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, M.V.O., married Lady Beatrice Paget, C.B.E., sister of the Marquess of Anglesey, and has three sons and one daughter. Lady Patricia, who was born in November 1904, is the eldest of the family; Lord Herbert is two years younger; and the Hon. David and the Hon. Anthony Herbert were born in 1908 and 1911 respectively.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry.]



Tales with a sting.

A BAD WOMAN.

By LADY DOROTHY MILLS.

THE smoking-room at The Manor on New Year's Night had relaxed something of its usual air of sombre austerity. Bright-berried holly had been stuck behind the portraits of grim-visaged Ruthvens; a long table glittered with cut-glass and decanters of mellow-toned liquids, and through the half-open door came distant strains of dance music.

In big leather chairs by the fire sat the host, James Ruthven, and his nephew and ward, Will Tempest. The faces of both were flushed and argumentative, and that of Ruthven, with lowering brows and chin thrust forward, had the expression of an angry bull.

"Whatever you may say," he said, setting down his glass with a bump, "I strongly disapprove, and shall never change my opinion."

"Or I mine," answered Tempest. "I tell you, uncle, that Polly is the most wonderful girl in the world, and that I'm damned lucky to have wangled her into accepting me." He raised his glass to an unseen toast with an expression of almost fatuous happiness on his good-looking face that irritated his companion.

"And what's more," he continued, "if you weren't my uncle I wouldn't stand criticism of her. But you've been jolly good to me and Ted, and I don't want to quarrel if it can possibly be helped. Let's have it out once and for all! What have you got against Polly?"

James Ruthven spoke after his fashion, as if words were reluctant things, hardly spoken.

"Nothing and everything, Will. Bar her personal attractions, which I can't see myself, she has not a single quality, to my mind, that will make you a good wife. She's too modern, to begin with; too flippant; too independent; too free and easy. She smokes, she drinks champagne, and she knows odd people. Dermot Bohun, whom she's always about with, is a case in point. He's notorious as a breaker-up of homes and a divorce-court figurehead. He's a gambler and a profligate. Is he the sort of fellow a good woman chooses for a friend? If I'd known he was coming this evening, I'd have forbidden him the house. She's been dancing with him all the evening—jazzing, I think they call it, or some negroid abomination. I never wanted to have this tom-fool dance, anyway. It was that wretched girl who put my wife up to it, and you backed them up."

"Poor old Dermot! Yes, he's a hard case. But he's a sort of cousin of Polly's, and he's more fool than knave. They've played together since they were kids, and Polly's got him out of half his scrapes. As for all the rest, of course, Polly's as mad as a hatter on top, but she's as straight as a die all through. I like a girl with spirit. We understand each other perfectly, and we'll never bore each other. Everyone hasn't the same tastes, you know, uncle."

Ruthven leant forward in his chair, thrusting his jaw still further out.

"Look here, Will," he said, "I've always been a fellow for plain speaking, and I tell you right out that I mean to do everything in my power to stop this marriage. You're young, and you don't know women. I know a good woman when I see one, and a woman who'll make a good wife. This girl won't, and you'll regret it when it's too late.

You're of age, and you've got your own money, so I can't stop it by the usual means. But I tell you straight, Will, that if you marry this girl, you'll never get a penny more at my death, nor shall either of you come to Ruthven. I'd no idea that things were coming to this pass or I'd never have let Vera ask her down here."

Tempest's face looked angry. He opened his mouth as if to speak, then broke off with an obvious effort.

"Well, uncle," he said finally, "we've both had our say, and it's all very unfortunate. But we don't want to spoil the harmony of the New Year's party, do we? Let's hold it over till everyone's gone, and we can talk the thing out quietly."

Ruthven rose from his chair, hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, and moodily left the smoking-room as Will Tempest's brother came in.

"What's wrong with uncle?" asked the latter, as he mixed himself a whisky-and-soda. "He's more like a bear with a sore head than ever."

"I've been telling him about my engagement, and he's been kicking up hell. He's got one of his unaccountable dislikes for Polly. Talks of disinheriting me, and so forth and so on. Don't believe he means half of it; it's Christmas liver, and he's hating this party like blazes. Poor old beggar, I'm sorry, though. I think it's half jealousy, really. He's never forgiven me for not marrying old What's-his-name's daughter; you remember, the girl with a face like a mud fence and a quarter of a million? He's always as jealous as the devil of his friends."

"Yes, and of his wife. Poor Vera! Her eyes get more like a frightened kitten's all the time. He's damn fond of her really, but he bullies the life out of her. Wonder she stands it."

"Hasn't the spirit to do anything else. I suppose that's the kind of woman Uncle likes. And that's his grouse against Polly, bless her, because she's made different. Thank Heaven for which! Well, I must toddle off and see if she's finished breaking the hearts of all the yokels in the county, and get a dance or two. Coming?"

A few minutes later James Ruthven returned and settled himself in the big arm-chair by the fire. He had paid a brief visit to the ball-room; scowled to right in the direction of Vera, his little frightened-eyed wife, thereby completely spoiling her enjoyment of the dance; scowled to left at Polly floating round, gaily laughing, annoyingly pretty, in the arms of Bohun; and returned to the empty smoking-room to brood upon the folly and sinfulness of it all.

He was not a bad-hearted man, really, for all his boorishness. He meant honestly and well, and would have made an ideal reformer or Christian martyr. Failing such congenial activities, he cursed the Government, bullied his family, and sneered at the world in general. His marriage, late in life, had been one of his greatest mistakes. Vera had been so young, so childish, so inexperienced, and the very qualities that had caught his rough heart had prevented any sort of understanding between them. As her love had died, fear had grown up in its place—a fear that left her wide-eyed and silent and subdued.

Almost her only friend was Polly—a

friendship that Ruthven deplored. Polly stood for everything he most disapproved of, and he was genuinely perturbed at her engagement to Tempest. He wondered how he could prevent the marriage. Will had consented to a six months' engagement. That was something; anything might happen in that time.

He wondered if Polly were still dancing with Bohun, and snorted as he heard her laughing voice in the hall outside. She was coming into the room, accompanied by Bohun. He leant further back in the big arm-chair as they went to the long table and helped themselves to drinks. At first he had no deliberate intention of eavesdropping; but he had definite and old-fashioned ideas of the duties of a host, and could not trust himself to speak civilly. They were talking earnestly in undertones, and, half-hidden as he was by a high Spanish screen, they did not notice him.

"Is it safe, do you think?" he heard Bohun whisper.

"Perfectly," answered Polly. "He's gone off somewhere, and good riddance! The coast's clear."

He heard the clink of glasses set down and the rustle of Polly's dress as the couple moved towards the far door. He strained his ears and caught the words, "Conservatory . . . the garden door . . . at last" . . . and in a whisper from Bohun, "You dear. . . ."

The door closed gently behind them.

Ruthven's face looked more than ever like that of an angry bull. So he had been right. "The coast clear"! An assignation! He used an unprintable epithet in regard to Polly. And Will? Poor Will! But at the back of Ruthven's mind a savage pleasure at having proved right. He had small trust or belief in women. And this was the sort of woman that Will proposed to marry. Will must know about this. There was no use in merely telling him. He was besotted with love, and would never believe. It would do more harm than good. He must see for himself. This was the occasion for which Ruthven had been seeking. It was all most opportune. Will must see the girl who had trapped his love in the arms of another man—a wrong 'un. He was young, and would soon get over it.

Ruthven's brain worked slowly, ruthlessly. He knew that everything depended on his not blundering, on his finding the right means of averting what was to him a tragedy. As he rose mechanically to help himself to a drink his eye lit on the door at the end of the room that led into the conservatory. He remembered Polly's words. The conservatory with the door that led into the garden, by which, no doubt, they proposed to escape.

Putting his ear to the keyhole, he assured himself that they were still within. Then, with as much speed as his lumbering form was capable of, he crept through the front hall, out of the house, and along the gravel path that ran all round. Softly he turned the key on the outside of the conservatory and sped back to the smoking-room, thanking his luck that no one had seen him. As, with infinite precaution, he proceeded to lock the inner door, that had fallen slightly ajar, a chink of light showed him a woman's slight figure clasped in the arms of Bohun. He caught a whisper from her—

"Darling, oh darling . . . I love you, I love you. . . ." Then came a happy little

(Continued on page 111.)

This Week's Studdy.



THE GLIDER.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

The SECOND Studdy Dogs' Portfolio is now on sale, and is even better than the first. It contains sixteen plates in colours and continues the famous series of Studdy "Sketch" Dogs. Copies should be obtained immediately.

The Singer of "Angel Face."



TESSIE BLYTHE, OF THE NEW STRAND PRODUCTION: MISS MABEL SEALBY.

Miss Mabel Sealby is Tessie Blythe, the fiancée with the jealous nature and the French temperament, in the new musical comedy at the Strand Theatre, and her singing of the song "Angel Face" is a hit of the show. The new production has a very complicated story, which—surprising as it may seem in a musical comedy—is original, and presents a number of new situations. It deals with the

Continental system of marrying girls, and the complications which ensue when the eldest daughter is difficult to "get off"; and the others cannot be allowed to go to the altar before her. Miss Sealby, who played Vittoria in "The Maid of the Mountains" almost throughout its long run, is well known as a musical-comedy artist of charm and talent.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.]

Granddaughter of a Duke and Wife of a Baronet's Son.



FORMERLY MISS JEAN HAMILTON : MRS. "JOCK" BUCHANAN-JARDINE.

Mrs. "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine is the wife of the only son of Sir Robert William Buchanan-Jardine, second Baronet, of Castle Milk, Dumfries, and the younger daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton, son of the first Duke of Abercorn and uncle of the present holder of the title.

She was married last year, and is a very pretty and popular member of the younger set. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan-Jardine are a young couple, being both in the early twenties, and are both keen on games and all forms of sport.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND FOX, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

THE WEDDING-EVE DRESS: A VANDALIAN FASHION.





COUNTESS VERA LISAVETA SINGS THE MIRROR SONG: MISS JOSÉ COLLINS IN "THE LAST WALTZ," AT THE GAIETY.

Vandalia is the latest musical-comedy country, and it has many charms, which are well worth going to the Gaiety to study. Miss José Collins is a fascinating Countess Vera Lisaveta ; her voice is as beautiful as ever, and her acting first-class. Among the customs of Vandalia is the fashion of the Wedding-Eve Dress, in which we illustrate Miss José

Collins. It is a wonderful shimmering, moonlight affair, and is worn for the Mirror Song—one of the most attractive numbers in the production. The music is all above the average, and "The Last Waltz" is likely to prove another of the big successes with which Miss José Collins has so often been associated.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

The Real East of Suez: A Famous Chinese Actor.



AS THE HEAVENLY GIRL : MR. MEI LAM-FANG IN A DANCING POSTURE, WITH MR. YAC YU-FOO
AS THE MAID OF THE TINY FEET.

This beautiful photographic study of the most famous Chinese actor will interest "Sketch" readers, and give them some idea of the theatre as it is in the real East of Suez. Mr. Mei Lam-Fang is shown in the leading rôle of "The Distribution of Flowers by the Heavenly Girl" a Buddhist fairy tale. Mr. Yac Yu-Foo, who is standing behind him, in the character of the maid, is also a well-known actor. Prac-

tically all the feminine parts are taken by men in China, and among the arts which the Celestial mummer must master before he can play the part of a heroine is that of mimicking the tottering gait of the high-born Chinese lady with her bandaged feet. He achieves this by moving on the points of his toes, to which imitation wooden "feet" are attached, and he has to retain this position throughout the performance.

The Real East of Suez—By a Western Camera.



"GEISHA": A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF A JAPANESE PRINT.

This photograph—taken by a Western camera-artist—is an astonishingly clever representation of the real East of Suez, as it has produced the effect of the impression given by a Japanese print, by legitimate photographic methods. If you examine the study you will see

that the decorative distribution of masses and lines, and the flatness of tint which are the distinctive qualities of a Japanese print have been faithfully reproduced—simply by skilful manipulation of light. It is a camera *tour de force* of considerable note.

From the photograph by H. G. Ponting. Exhibited at the London Salon of Photography.

The Stage East of Suez: The Oblique Vision.



DAISY "GOES CHINESE": MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI, AS THE DAINTY ROGUE IN CHINESE PORCELAIN.

Miss Meggie Albanesi gives an extremely fine performance as Daisy, the half-caste girl whose tragedy is the theme of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "East of Suez," recently produced at His Majesty's Theatre. The idea of the play is that the cleavage between East and West can never be bridged. The Oblique Vision of the Celestial extends to the moral

outlook as well as holding sway over other points of view; and when Daisy has worked havoc in the lives of two men, her Chinese ancestry takes command, and attired in Celestial robes, and with a national head-dress on her smooth hair, she loses every vestige of her superimposed Englishry.—[*Photograph by Bertram Park.*]

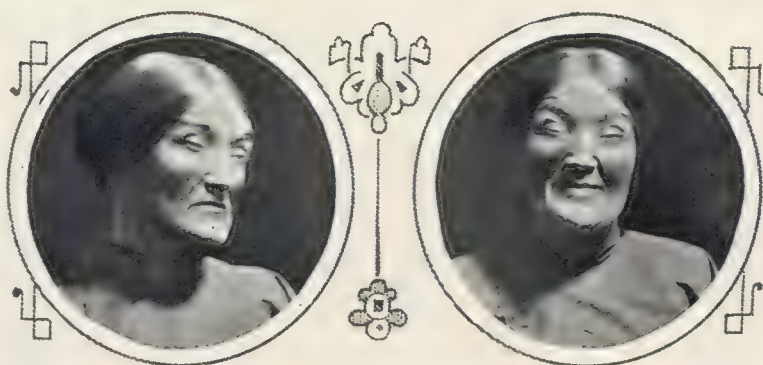
"East of Suez": The Velly Chlistian Woman.



A TRIUMPH OF ACTING AND MAKE-UP: MISS AULT AS THE WICKED OLD AMAH.



"MY NO LISTEN! WHAT FOR ME LISTEN?": THE PERSONIFICATION OF CUNNING.



"ME VELLY PLETTY GIRL, LONG TIME AGO": MISS AULT AS THE AMAH WHO IS REALLY DAISY'S MOTHER.



One of the features of "East of Suez," at His Majesty's, is provided by the magnificent acting of Miss Ault as the old Amah—who is really the mother of Daisy, the half-caste whose tragedy Mr. Somerset Maugham takes as the theme of his drama. The Amah prides herself on being a "velly Chlistian woman," as she has been baptised five times by five

different sects, but this does not prevent her from conniving at the murder of her daughter's inconvenient husband, and acting throughout the play as her evil genius. Miss Ault's make-up is a triumph, and her acting a fine display of sardonic humour and philosophy as viewed with the oblique vision of the true Chinawoman.

Photographs by Hay Wrightson.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

WE have now arrived at that period of the year when those of an inquisitive and entomological turn of mind will once more be afforded an opportunity of inquiring into the hibernating habits of the *musca domestica*, or common house-fly.

But the question, "Where do fly-halves go to in the summer-time?" is really of far more importance to readers of these notes—a question on which, I am happy to say, I am able to throw a little light. They love the seaside, and are often to be found, on a hot July day, sunning themselves on the grass. I came across a beautiful specimen while watching the lawn-tennis tournament at Frinton, which proved, on examination, to be none other than the much-sought-after *musca Coverdala*.

But I feel myself drifting back again to lawn-tennis, and that won't do at all. For we must now give ourselves up to the consideration of a far more vigorous pastime, rejoicing in a name bestowed on it by Oxford undergraduates, and stated to be the comparative degree of "rug."



THE QUAIN
BEAVER-LIKE
RUGGER
PLAYER
OF 1871.

Having killed the so-called "summer-time" by altering the clock with a "back-hand" stroke on the face of it, I have now, figuratively speaking, to get out of my tennis flannels and into a Rugger jersey. Having concluded one part of my turn,

before beginning the next, I feel inclined to say, like the music-hall artist, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you will allow me a few minutes in which to change my costume, I shall have much pleasure in presenting to your notice my entirely new and original performance on the elliptical globe." Looking back over the last fifty years of the game, it is obvious there has been a steady and material improvement in the standard of it. It seems incredible that in the early days of Rugger hacking and tripping were as much resorted to as a means of stopping the man with the ball as tackling is in the modern game. Then there was very little "passing"; now it is the very life-blood of Rugger.

Another feature of the game, happily now given the order of the boot, was the maul in goal. If a man was tackled with the ball in his possession on the line, or just over it, these two men were allowed to wrestle for the ball as long as they liked—no time-limit being imposed by the laws.

Curiously enough, it was among the forwards that passing was first resorted to, its invention being credited to the Blackheath team. My sympathy is always with the members of the scrum. Of the thirty-one

people on the field of play, no one does more conscientious and unpleasant work (and gets less credit for it) than the forward—the thirty-first man on the field, the referee. But the forward is being developed and coached by such splendid scrum experts as W. W. Wakefield and R. Cove-Smith, so that he is no longer the mere "muddled oaf" he used to be, but a creature with brains.

In the season 1920-21, quite half the forwards were as clever at handling the ball as the three-quarters. Men like Blakiston, Brown, Voyce, and Mellish were to be seen in the loose giving and taking passes at top speed in the match against Wales. Yet to-day in club matches there is still to

be seen that curious, almost ludicrous, incident when a forward finds himself by some chance with the ball in his hands, and no friend or foe within yards of him. All he has to do is to run like a hare, hope the full back won't notice him, and place the egg-shaped bladder of air which he has with him in a leather case over the line midway between the up-rights. Does he accomplish this? Never! At least, hardly ever. Why not? Because the average club forward hates the limelight. Like the ostrich, he buries his head (in the scrum) and thinks nobody can see him. Finding himself in the open, this enormous creature becomes as timid as a schoolgirl, and for having the ball in his hands he wears an expression of abject apology. He feels he ought to lose no time in crossing the field and handing it to one of his wing three-quarters. Or perhaps one of his earnest fellow-workers in the scrum would re-



THE RUGGER SCREEN: A
BOON TO DENUDED PLAYERS
ABSOLUTE PRIVACY.

lieve him of it. Obviously, he has no right to the ball—much less to run with it. All this is written on his bewildered face, as he turns his head first this way, then that. Finally, in despair, he throws the ball wildly behind him to nobody, and the opportunity of a great try is lost.

In the main, Rugger is in an exceedingly

healthy state; its freedom from any suspicion of commercialism is still splendidly maintained. But, in little details, I would venture to suggest there is room for improvement. Take the case of a player's shorts being ripped off him in the heat of the tackle. Very little attempt has been made to cope with this most regrettable incident. The old, crude, and inadequate way of dealing with the case is for the other players to group themselves round the semi-nude one until he can be clothed again in a pair of knickers brought, after much delay, from the dressing-room.

There are two ways of remedying the matter. One is for players to be given garments made of untearable material. The other is an idea of my own. It is a little arrangement of four square curtains on a metal frame with four telescopic legs. It is extremely light, folds into a small space, and is portable. "Who is going to carry it?"—

did you say? Why, who else but the referee? Not only do I propose to make him carry this, but a few spare knickers and jerseys as well. Cricket umpires are always made to carry sweaters and caps and things; why not a Rugger referee?



THE
FLY HALF; OR,
MUSCA COVERDALA.

Directly such an accident as I am talking of occurs, the referee will rush to the spot, adjust the four legs of the frame to the required height—that is, either for torn shorts or jersey—and place the little curtained compartment round the player, who then can change without a blush into the necessary garment handed him by the referee.

That is one of the little ideas I have thought out to benefit the game. I have one or two others; but I must keep them for another time, as you are to read me once a week.



HOW THE
AVERAGE
CLUB FORWARD
FEELS
WHEN HE
FINDS HIMSELF
IN
POSSESSION.

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT

No. IX. "The Borderer."



ANOTHER MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: MISS JULIA NEILSON AS MARY STUART AND MR. FRED TERRY AS BOTHWELL.

Miss Laura Cowie is now charming Londoners with her interpretation of Drinkwater's Mary Queen of Scots, but London will soon see another well-known actress as the lovely Queen with the tragic destiny, for Miss Julia Neilson, who has been touring successfully in "The Borderer," is

due to come to town eventually with this piece. Our photographer shows Miss Neilson with her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, who makes a bolsterous and lusty Bothwell, to his wife's Queen. Miss Neilson's interpretation of the rôle of Mary has won the highest praise.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

No. X. "The Scandal," at the New.



FERIOL (MR. LESLIE FABER) LAUNCHES HIS BOMBSHELL: CHARLOTTE (MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE, CENTRE), AND, LEFT TO RIGHT, FERIOL, PHILIP (MISS EDITH SOFTLY), AND MME. FERIOL (MISS ROSINA FILIPPI).



THE ERRING WIFE REACHES THE END OF HER TETHER: CHARLOTTE FERIOL (MISS THORNDIKE) AND FERIOL (MR. FABER).

The success of "The Scandal" depends on two poignant situations, both of which give Mr. Leslie Faber and Miss Sybil Thorndike the opportunity for the display of their great powers of emotional acting. Feriol (Mr. Leslie Faber) discovers his wife's infidelity, and decides to expose her. He calls the whole household together—but when his wife enters the room he suddenly changes his mind and announces that his small son, Philip,



THE MOTHER-IN-LAW NOTICES THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG: CHARLOTTE (MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE) AND MME. FERIOL (MISS ROSINA FILIPPI).

has been expelled from school. The second situation is when Charlotte comes home after a sleepless night and an exhausting journey. Her husband reads her a long, brutal moral lecture, and expects her to express further contrition and acquiescence; but the unhappy Charlotte has reached the end of her tether. Physical exhaustion has overcome her and she is asleep.—(Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.)

A Daughter of the Bold Buccleuch.



ELDEST CHILD OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH: LADY MARGARET SCOTT.

Lady Margaret Scott is the eldest of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's eight children, and is one of the most popular girls in Society. Her next sister, Lady Sybil, married Mr. Charles B. Phipps in 1919; and her brother, the Earl of Dalkeith, married Miss Mollie Lascelles last year.—[Photographs by Yevonde.]





The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

because I have now read her autobiography, which explains, with exceptional clarity, this complex personality.

"My Life and Some Letters." This volume, amazingly well written, because you do not expect the purest literary expression from one who has devoted her life to another form of art, is as curious



THE AUTHOR OF A REMARKABLE FIRST NOVEL: MR. GEOFFREY DENIS, WHOSE "MARY LEE" HAS CREATED A STIR. "Mary Lee," the life-story of a Plymouth Sister in Victorian times, is a novel which has excited much interest.

a mixture as the writer herself. It is divided sharply into two parts—"My Life" and "Some Letters." The letters, it is true, are commingled with the life, but some of them are sorry stuff. The "Life," on the other hand, is fascinating and absorbing to the highest degree. A more perfect example of self-revelation I have never met. Even that wonderful book, "Life on the Stage," by Clara Morris, is not better than this. The

been a happy child we should never have had this volume. The happy child is the normal child, the child without genius, the child who can accept child-life as the best possible thing, just as the normal grown-up person accepts modern life as the best possible thing. Difference of outlook, difference of temperament, is bound to make a child unhappy unless—unless it has the good luck to enlist the protective sympathy of adult people who have grasped the fact that every now and then there happens a child who is different, who has been vouchsafed to the world to beautify the ugliness of the world—the world of men—a little, and leave behind it a tiny flame to lighten the darkness of those who will follow.

"I was neither a sweet, amiable, nor amenable child," she confesses. "I was physically strong, very affectionate, imaginative, but temperamentally alien to those around me. I believe I was impatient with unintelligent people from the moment I was born—a tragedy, for I am myself three parts a fool."

Marriage. The artist who has genius belongs to the public, and

the public may therefore be excused for wanting to know what influences were brought to bear on the education of its property. Marriage, especially the marriage of a girl-genius, is intensely educating, and I admit to a latent curiosity about Mrs. Patrick Campbell's first marriage. I never asked anyone a question on this point; questions rarely lead to information. Patience, however, is rewarded at last.

"I was seventeen when I first met Pat: he was twenty, and had just left Wellington. . . . Pat was good-looking, with unusually well-bred, gentle manners, a great affection for his home and people, and a passionate love for his dead mother. His father had married again, and there were many step-children—all were dear to Pat. . . .

"Pat managed a boat like a magician. I remember a wonderful long day on the Thames. Pat looked only at me—the boat

went without effort or sound, quick and straight.

"In the locks even we seemed alone—we spoke little—the golden glory of the dawn before passion is born was between us.

"We picked wild flowers together. I remember a little bird flying into my hand, and Pat's words, 'Even the wild birds love you.'

"We eloped within four months of our first meeting and were married at St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate Street.

"One thing I can never forget—my mother's face and her heartbroken cry when I told her.

"After more than thirty-five years of life with its battles, its wounds, its ever-ready pain—it is not easy to write of the joy of that first love. Incapable of pause or reckoning, with the divine faith and courage of fearless children, we faced the world we thought was ours, and paid the price bravely." [Continued overleaf.]

Autobiography. What is the chief value of autobiography? What is it that we expect to get from the autobiographer that the biographer can never give us? Surely, self-revelation. Unless the writer of an autobiography lays bare his inmost soul for the instruction and enlightenment of mankind, he might just as well have left the story of his life to be told in the third person.

Too many autobiographies are mere chronicles of events. "In the autumn of 1877 I was ordered to Hallyballoo, and there I met for the first time dear old General Have-another, about whom the following story is told."

You know the sort of thing. That is not autobiography. That is club chatter, with most of the stories, already familiar to the reader, spoilt in the telling because the writer has not the technique of the trained story-teller. This kind of amateur writer gets more and more energetic as he nears the conclusion of the story, and winds up by printing the last six words in italics. "There," cries he, wiping the perspiration from his dear old brow, "that *must go now!*" But it doesn't. The reader, without seeking for the cause, is bored.

What we want from everybody who sits down to write a book about himself or herself is self-revelation, to begin with; and then the truth, so far as it may and should be told. We don't want vanity, and we don't want mere spite.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

The most puzzling actress I have ever watched and studied is Mrs. Patrick Campbell. About her genius there can be no question in the mind of any person who understands acting—understands it, I mean, as distinct from simply enjoying it. In theatrical jargon, an actor or actress has either "got it" or they have not "got it." If they have "got it," everything they do will be interesting, even a bad part; and a good part will lead them to the heights. If they have not "got it," a good part may save them from the depths; but in a bad part they will inflict horrible tortures on those members of the audience who are sensitive to the art of acting.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, from the first, had "got it"—in that abounding measure which places its possessors in the highest rank. Not at once, perhaps, for even genius must get technique. The finest racing car in the world is no good until it is "tuned up," until every little bit of mechanism is running in harmony. But that is only a matter of time.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was puzzling because too often she seemed listless, bored, contemptuous of her author and her fellow-players and her audiences. I say "seemed,"



EX-KING CONSTANTINE AND HIS FAMILY IN EXILE: A GROUP AT PALERMO.

In our photograph (from left to right) are: Lady-in-Waiting Mme. Angelina Contostaolos, Dr. Pantos a Benedictine Monk, ex-Queen Sophia of Greece, ex-King Constantine of Greece, Princess Caterina of Greece, Princess Ipslantis, a Lady-in-Waiting, Mme. Kolp, Admiral Wardle, Prince Nicholas of Greece, M. Kolp.—[Photograph by Angelo Randazzo.]

flaw in Clara Morris's book was self-flattery. The flaw in Mrs. Campbell's book is a flood of flattering letters. Most of them should have been burnt as soon as read. (The more serious letters are too sacred for print.)

The childhood of this great actress was unhappy. That was inevitable. Had she

Sportswomen's Good Fortune on the Tay.



SALMON-FISHING ON THE TAY: LADY MAIDSTONE (LEFT) AND LADY VIOLET ASTOR.



AN AMERICAN-BORN SPORTSWOMAN:
THE HON. LADY WARD.



CASTING: THE HON. SIR JOHN WARD.



WITH THEIR MORNING'S CATCH: LADY VIOLET ASTOR (LEFT) AND LADY MAIDSTONE.

Lady Violet Astor and Lady Maidstone have had very good sport recently fishing on the Tay. Our group shows the two sportswomen with their morning's catch, which consisted of salmon weighing 12, 13, 15, 17, and 25 lb., the 25-pounder being killed by Lady Violet Astor. Lady Maidstone is the wife of Lord Maidstone, elder son of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, and is the daughter of Mr. Anthony Drexel. Lady Violet

Astor is the youngest sister of the Earl of Minto and the wife of Major the Hon. John Jacob Astor. The Hon. Lady Ward, daughter of the late Hon. Whitelaw Reid, and wife of the Hon. Sir John Ward, brother of the Earl of Dudley, was also fishing on the Tay, as well as Lord Maidstone and Sir John Ward, who is shown casting his line in one of our photographs.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

Continued.]

Their idyll was shattered by the same old iconoclast—Poverty. He went abroad in search of health and money: she had to stay behind and work for herself and their children.

Stage Beginnings. All the world knows of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's triumphs, but most of us did not know of her beginnings. I have been told that she came before the public as an amateur,



THE NEW JOINT-MASTER OF THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS: LADY MAUD MACKINTOSH.

Lady Maud Mackintosh is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and the widow of Captain Angus Mackintosh. She is the new Joint-Master of the High Peak Harriers.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

and attained instant fame. I never believed it; those things simply do not happen in the theatre. The medium is too difficult. Fame may come in a night, but the lesson, somewhere and somehow, has been long and often painfully learned.

It is true that Mrs. Campbell began her career as an amateur actress, nor could any training be better—up to a point. She became a member of the Anomalies Dramatic Club, and the *Stage* of that date, 1886, said of her, with great discrimination, "Mrs. Campbell possesses a natural depth of pathos and yet a power and earnestness which, joined to a graceful, easy manner and charming presence, render her a most valuable acquisition."

About three years later she decided to turn her great gifts to practical account, and this called forth from her old friend, "Aunt Kate," one of the most extraordinary letters of farewell that any young actress could ever have received. It is too long to quote in full—you must get the book and read it for yourself—but here is one gem which will delight the Profession:

"I must bid you goodbye, Beatrice, believe me with much sorrow and sympathy with you and your ill-governed impulses. I may have said harsh or painful things. I grieve to cause you pain, my dear, but you rightly were expecting it must be so. You know my disgust for that class to which you are going to ally yourself—our disgust, I might say—and to think that one we loved, and had lately in our midst, goes, and with pleasure, into such a set—to be one of them!"

This disgusting "set" was to include Sarah Bernhardt, Forbes Robertson, Sir Arthur Pinero, Maeterlinck, and a few unspeakable creatures of that kind from whom poor "Aunt Kate" would have shrunk in horror. And the strange thing is that "Aunt Kates" still exist in their piteous, horrific swamps of ignorance.

Success. Success came four years later—swift, indeed, but much hard work had been done. No document could reflect greater credit on the writer than the letter written by Miss Elizabeth

Robins to Mrs. Campbell when the part of Mrs. Tanqueray was handed to the latter instead of the former. Such things are always happening in the world of the stage, but they are not always borne with such shining magnanimity:

"I suppose Mr. Alexander has told you of what occurred Sunday and yesterday. I congratulate you upon your splendid fortune in having the Second Mrs. Tanqueray to play.

From what I heard read of the part, it is the kind of thing that comes along once in an actress's lifetime, seldom oftener, and that it has come to you is my best consolation for having lost it myself. You will play it brilliantly, and your loyal service in less congenial rôles will find its reward in this glorious new opportunity. There is to my mind no woman in London so enviable at this moment, dear savage, as you.

"Keep well and strong. Yours affectionately always."

Rehearsing "Tanqueray." Follows a very entertaining sketch of the

rehearsals at the St. James's Theatre of the play that will always be remembered when the names of the three people most nearly concerned are mentioned—Sir Arthur Pinero, the author; Sir George Alexander, the actor-manager; and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the leading lady.

"The memory of the awful fatigue of the rehearsals remains with me. I used to get in a state of alarming exhaustion, a sudden condition that overcame me at times for some years afterwards. This, I suppose, had something to do with the effect on my heart of the typhoid fever. On one occasion Mr. Pinero brought me Brand's Essence of Beef, not forgetting the necessary spoon, and stood by me while I swallowed it, treating me with ever-increasing gentleness."

A human author! Is it possible? Would that all members of the profession, including managers, would thus generously remember the good deeds of the author-producer.

The First Night of "Tanqueray."

All "first nights" are disappointing to the principal artists, even when the audience is enthusiastic.

"The ovation when the curtain fell," writes Mrs. Campbell, "incredible as it may seem, was lost upon me. The tremendous applause stupefied me, and I never for a moment

thought a share of it was mine. . . . I felt it was all for the author and his remarkable play. In spite of my gratitude to Mr. Pinero, I did not realise what his play had done for me—the tremendous opportunity it had given me. Crowds of people flocked on to the stage; shy and terrified, I ran up to my dressing-room, dressed quickly, picked up my dog, and went back to my lodgings, worn out by fatigue.

"The next morning my two children climbed into my bed. I told them all about the applause, and that I was sure the play would have a long run; we remembered about the black kitten, and we had breakfast in bed for a treat, where later Mrs. Alexander found us. She asked me why I had left the theatre, and told me I had made a great personal success and my name famous."

Well, one must not quote any more of this revealing book. Everybody who is interested in the theatre will read it, of course, and I hope all the young women who are beginning their careers on the stage, or longing to begin them, will ponder well the earlier pages, and pay scant attention to the flattering letters.

"The Vehement Flame." I am somewhat conscience-stricken about this novel.

It has lain on my table for a good many weeks; it has been packed in a bag and taken out several times; it has journeyed with me to Devonshire and Cornwall; and still I have not mastered it.

Not that I have not tried. I have read the first chapter over and over again. It describes the ecstasies of a youth of nineteen who has just married a lady of thirty-nine. They have been married for fifty-four minutes, we are told, and this is the effect on the young gentleman—

"His fingers, holding the little grassy ring, trembled; but the next instant he threw himself back on the grass, and kicked up his heels in a preposterous gesture of ecstasy. Then caught her hand, slipped the braided ring over that plain circle of gold which had been on her finger for fifty-four minutes, kissed it—and the palm of her hand—and said, 'You never can escape me! Eleanor, your voice played the deuce with me. I rushed home and read every poem in my volume of Blake.'"

Shortly after that I stick. I am sure I am wrong, and that the story is very beautiful and charmingly written; but I, personally,



THE COUÉ METHOD AS PRACTISED IN CONSTANTINOPLE! A PATIENT BEING CURED BY THE DRIVING OF A NAIL INTO A PIECE OF WOOD.

There is nothing new under the sun, and if you happen to live in the East and don't want to journey to Nancy for the Coué treatment, you can get something a little on the same "faithful" lines in Constantinople, as in one of the mosques there is an old doctor who cures his patients by knocking a nail into a piece of wood! If the first effort fails, the nail is extracted and driven in again. After this there is usually some improvement, and the patient pays and goes away. The Turkish lady heavily veiled in black is waiting her turn.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

do not like young gentlemen of nineteen who talk and behave like that. In fiction, I mean, for I have never known one who did it in real life, and if I met him I should run faster than a hare.

My Life and Some Letters: By Mrs. Patrick Campbell. (Hutchinson; 24s. net.)

The Vehement Flame. By Margaret Leland. (John Murray 7s. 6d. net.)



THE KIND OLD GENTLEMAN: And what do you call the dear child?

THE OVERWROUGHT NURSEMAID: Do you mean what 's the little brute's name or just what I call it?



"'Ow do she 'ave the nerve to shove 'er 'ead in 'is mouth like that?"

"Oh, I reckon she be safe as long as she can keep 'im fixed with 'er eye."

DRAWINGS BY D. L. GHILCHIK.

The New Lord Mayor's Inestimable Asset.



WITH HER DAUGHTER, MISS VERA MOORE: MRS. EDWARD C. MOORE.

Mrs. Edward C. Moore is the wife of Mr. Alderman Edward C. Moore, the Lord Mayor-elect of London. Her husband, in his speech at the election ceremony at the Guildhall, observed that his election creates a precedent, as it will be the first occasion on which a chartered accountant has reached the office of Lord Mayor. Mr. Moore also

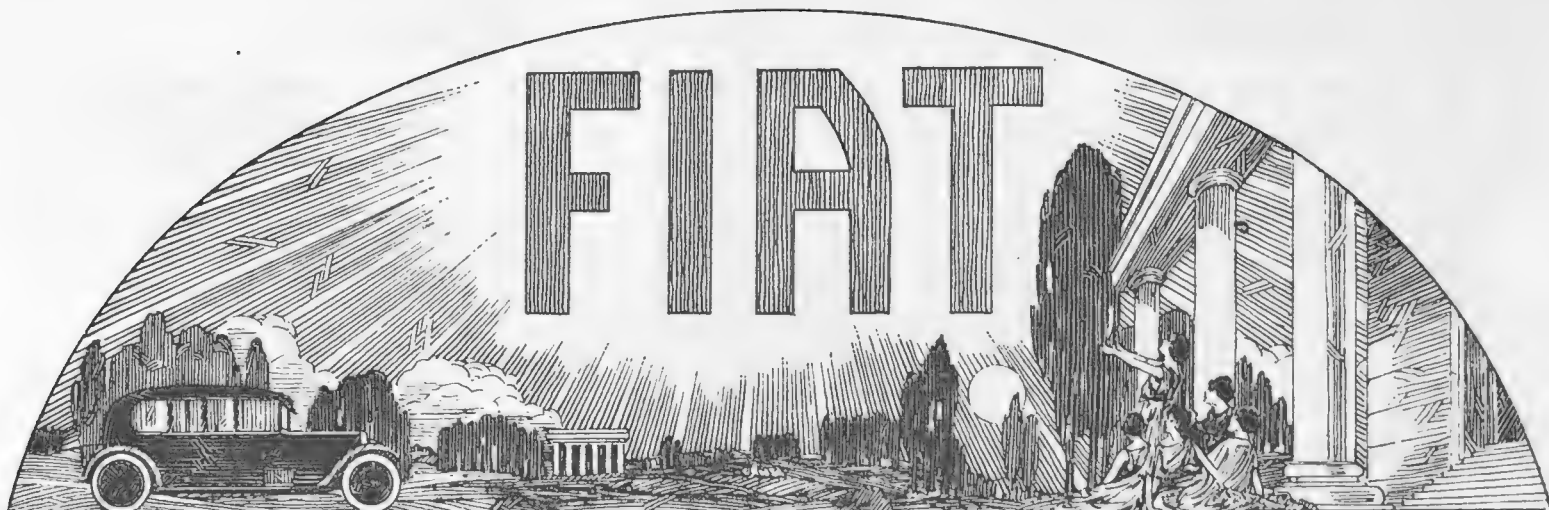
said: "I rejoice that I have a wife who will be an inestimable asset in the position, and I count with confidence on her help . . . to carry out with efficiency the duties of Lord Mayor." Miss Vera Moore, whose portrait appears on this page with that of the Lady Mayoress, will be one of her mother's Maids-of-Honour on Lord Mayor's Day (Nov. 9).

Photographs by Blake Studios.

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1923 PRICES

Simultaneously with the opening of the Paris Automobile Salon, 4th October, 1922—which marks the real commencement of the 1923 Automobile Year—Fiat announces its 1923 models.

Whilst unable to make such sweeping reductions as in 1921, intelligent anticipation of a greatly increased output and reductions in cost of material and labour enables the following prices to be fixed.

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10/15 H.P. Chassis	£410	£365
10/15 H.P. Torpedo	£550	£495
15/20 Chassis	£450	£510
15/20 H.P. Torpedo	£800	£710
20/30 H.P. 6-cylinder Chassis	£700	£630
20/30 H.P. 6-cylinder Chassis, Sports	£745	£670
20/30 H.P. 6-cylinder Torpedo	£980	£850

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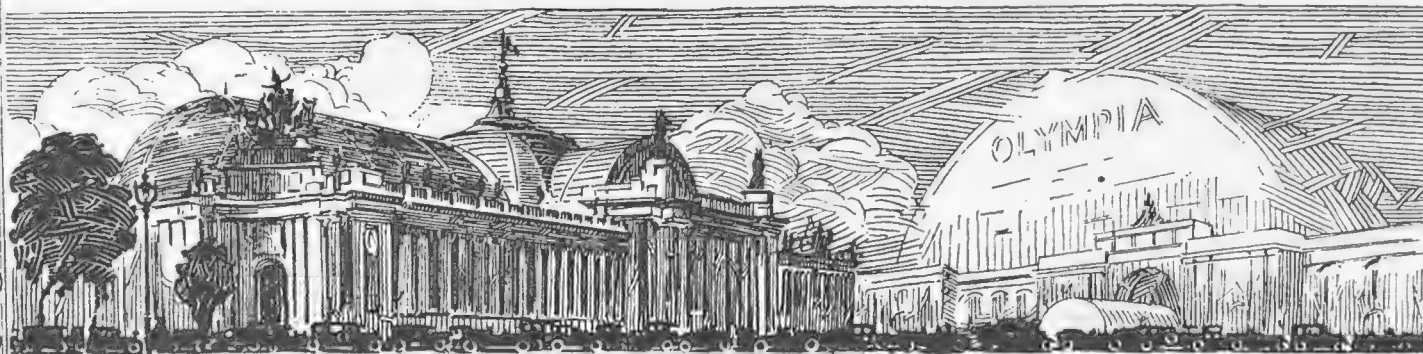
10/15 H.P. Saloon	615
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15/20 H.P. Coupe Limousine or Landulet	925
20/30 H.P. Limousine Landulet	1,100
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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Paris Motor Exhibition.

New cars with old-type coach-work, old cars with the latest fashion of *coupe-de-ville* brougham, big motor carriages, tiny two-seaters, huge 90-h.p. sporting road-boats, little needle-like cycle-cars met the eye of the visitor to the Paris Automobile Salon at the Grand Palais by the Pont Alexandre III. Before entering even the doors. In fact, these "trial" cars ranged outside the buildings and all round it, extending down to the Cleopatra's Needle in the Grand Boulevard half a mile away, made such a complete exhibition in themselves that many visitors lingered there instead of paying their entry fee to the exhibition itself. In fact, many British visitors searched this assemblage to find the new 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce grey limousine that was parked here, but not on the stand. Some, like myself, found it by accident, explained to its driver in our execrable *patois* that we would like to examine it, and so obtained a first-hand impression of its characteristics. It is not going to be placed on the Rolls-Royce stand at Olympia, and I can therefore include it in this brief survey of the Paris Motor Show. With overhead valves actuated by push-rods, the engine's silence could be vouched for as it ticked over after a short run to the Champs Elysées. One was reminded of the old story that a Ford built at the Rolls-Royce works would run like a "Rolls," while a Rolls-Royce built at the Ford factory would still be a Ford. Hence, though the engine appeared to resemble a Buick in its design, it was indeed a *veritable* Rolls-Royce. On the stand inside the Grand Palais were two of the latest 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce carriages—one with English coach-work built by Barkers (an enclosed cabriolet similar to that owned by the Prince of Wales), and a limousine landaulette built by Kellner Frères, of Paris.

Some of the Exhibits.

If only I could compress in the space available the full details of the 289 stands devoted to the exhibition of cars of all descriptions, I would gladly do so; but it is an impossible task, so I must rest content with chronicling a few impressions of some of the exhibits. Hence, if I miss the car you wish to hear all about, forgive me. But first let me state that prices are not reduced in France as they have been in so many cases in England. Also that the brougham or *coupe-de-ville* type of coach-work is the fashionable Parisian vehicle. Likewise, most of the new chassis are of the 2-litre engine class of about 12-h.p. nominal rating, or have six-cylinder 20-h.p. rated power units, the higher-powered cars of 30-h.p. to 90-h.p. showing little change in detail, except, perhaps, front-wheel brakes being added. These new chassis have also battery ignition in place of the magneto in many examples, and central gear controls

where the older models still retain right-hand levers. Thus the new 20-h.p. six-cylinder Minerva from the Antwerp factory has central gear change and front-wheel brakes on the Perrot system, with special jack-bars on the back axle for putting the jack under when necessary to change wheels. The new 20-30-h.p. Fiat has its six-cylinder 80 by 150 mm. engine with overhead valves, central gear control, new cantilever back springs with a single leaf extended to rear dumb-irons, and Servo front-wheel brakes; while the eight-cylinder Isotta Fraschini has two carburettors, central change, and front-



FOKKER'S FIRST GLIDE IN ENGLAND: THE FAMOUS DUTCH AVIATOR ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS.

Our snapshot shows Mr. Fokker's first glide in England. The air was so still that the machine had to be towed for some hundreds of yards by a car before she would take the air. The glide lasted for some 45 seconds, and extended for 500 yards in a straight line.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

wheel brakes as its chief characteristics. Theodore Schneider produces his 72 by 120 mm. (10-h.p. French rating) with right-hand controls; and the new 12-h.p. (English rating) Talbot—the Darracq is now dropped in its title—has not central controls, while the



FOKKER'S GLIDING DEMONSTRATION IN ENGLAND: HAULING THE MACHINE TO THE TOP OF THE HILL BY MOTOR-CAR.

Huge crowds assembled last week at Peacehaven to see Mr. Fokker's gliding demonstrations on the Sussex Downs. Our photograph shows his biplane being dragged to the top of a hill by a car. Photograph by C.N.

sports model that was exhibited had a speed of sixty-five miles an hour guaranteed.

Spain's Eight-Cylinder Cars.

Built as if to carry guns and armour, the 80-h.p. Elizalde eight-cylinder 90 by 160 mm., with the longest bonnet in the exhibition, has dual magneto and dual carburettors, with central change. By its side



there is also a small eight-cylinder chassis from their Barcelona works with a 65 by 110 mm. engine, central controls; and both have Servo four-wheel brakes. A "two-litre" Unic sports car had a mahogany-planked, copper-riveted boat body whose rear-seat passengers were as well protected as those sitting in front, for a hinged scuttle carrying a V-shaped glass screen shielded them from the elements; and when this scuttle was

raised a mirror faced its occupants, so that it became a sort of dressing-table to titivate their personal appearance. A new six-cylinder 65 by 100 mm. Ansaldo with four-wheel brakes, transmission brake as well, overhead-valved engine, and central gear control, faced a four-cylinder sports Ansaldo as already seen in England. Daimlers had two of their handsome enclosed carriages staged, quiet and unobtrusive, yet capable of carrying passengers and much luggage swiftly and smoothly in silence. The Ballot stand held among its other exhibits the smaller Ballot with a very neat all-weather *coupe-de-ville* four-seater in light-grey, with top and extension of light-grey waterproof mohair material—one of the neatest carriages in the exhibition. The new 10-15-h.p. Peugeot had front-wheel brakes, left-hand steering, and central control; while the F.N. 12-h.p. had its back seats fitted with a dividing arm in its all-weather touring car. Citroen *coupe-de-ville* with left-hand drive; the 20-h.p. Mors, with its room for luggage between the back

of the car and the spare wheel carried behind; a luggage trailer, the Kap., to be towed on two wheels with a light box container for the trunks; the four-cylinder air-cooled S.A.R.A.; the new four-cylinder water-cooled B.S.A.; the immense Panhard eight-cylinder sports car, with cabin over back seats, like a motor-boat on wheels; the Alda, whose blunt-nose radiator front looked almost like an Armstrong-Siddeley; the baby Renault of 9-h.p.; the square top and corners of most of the enclosed carriages; the double-engined (10-h.p. and 12-h.p.) Desmoulins, with dual shafts to one differential; the Farman big sports model, with under-shield from front to rear completely hiding every component; the graceful pointed wings of the Delage sports car; the new convertible cabriolet, with wonderful fittings for high-class

all-weather carriage chassis, "La Transformable"; the Bugatti sports model, with bronzed bonnet and holland seat-covers neatly embroidered; the 10-h.p. Lancia, with coach-work skeleton and side-frame members all in one steel pressing; and the 12-h.p. Bignan: four-wheel brakes, cuff-valve engine, and hydraulic suspension—are but a modicum of the fare served up at the Paris Motor Show.

Hunstanton Championship and a Group from North Berwick.



THE ENGLISH WOMEN'S CLOSE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: A GROUP OF COMPETITORS AT HUNSTANTON.



WITH PETER, ANTHONY, AND ANN: CAPTAIN HILTON PHILIPSON AND HIS WIFE, FORMERLY MISS MABEL RUSSELL.

The English Women's Close Golf Championship was held at Hunstanton last week. The semi-finalists were Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Joan Stocker, Miss Mollie Gourlay, and Miss J. Winn; and in the final Miss Stocker met Miss Wethered, who won the thirty-six-hole match by 7 up and 6 to play, thus retaining her title after a fine display of golf.—Our photograph of Mrs. Hilton Philipson, who, as Miss Mabel Russell, once

delighted theatre-goers, shows her with her husband and three children. The names of the young people, reading from left to right, are: Peter Philipson, Anthony Philipson, and baby, Ann Rosemary Philipson. Anthony, it will be noted, is already a keen golfer, and is shown with his favourite driver, with which he has been playing at North Berwick.—[Photograph No. 1 by P.I.C.; No. 2, by Balmain.]



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Photo. Elzein Neame.

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A Piano-Player with a human touch

which opens a new world of enjoyment to lovers of music, and gives full scope to the natural gifts of those hundreds whose inborn talent has hitherto been stifled.

THE whole secret of piano-playing is "touch."

It is "touch" which produces expression—light and shade. Touch enables the performer to interpret the meaning of a composition instead of merely playing the written notes.

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The reproduction of execution by mechanical means presents no great difficulty—you have it in any ordinary piano-player. Admittedly, you can increase or decrease the volume of sound, but the regulation of the degree of contact between hammer and piano-string has never been entirely under the control of the performer.

The Carola Piano-Player has removed this very serious drawback, for, by means of a special valve—an entirely new invention—the performer on the Carola controls the "touch" just as accurately as if he were playing in the ordinary way.

Therefore we have in the Carola a piano-player which will be a delight to every genuine lover of music.

With the Carola the performer has all the mechanical part of the music, the execution, reading, etc., done for him to perfection, but he has left to him what,

after all, is the great and real joy of piano-playing—the expression. The interpretation of the piece he is playing is his own individual performance and not a mere mechanical response to physical efforts, in the same way as a barrel-organ plays when you turn the handle.

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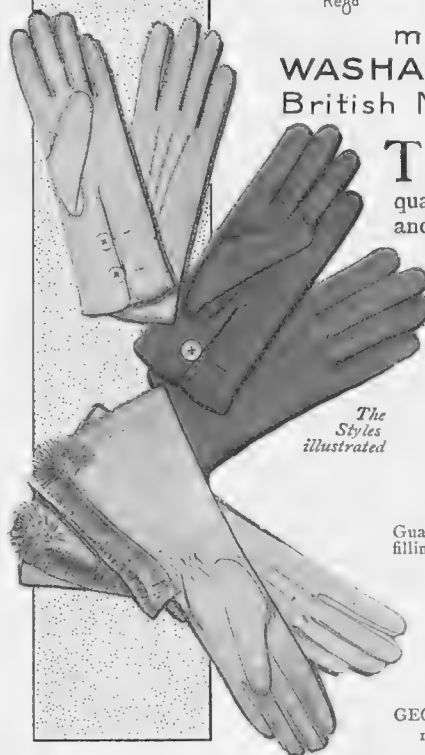
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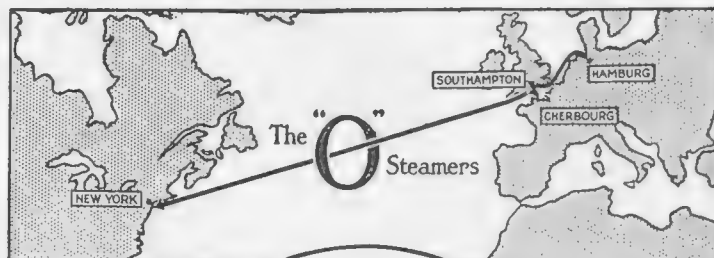
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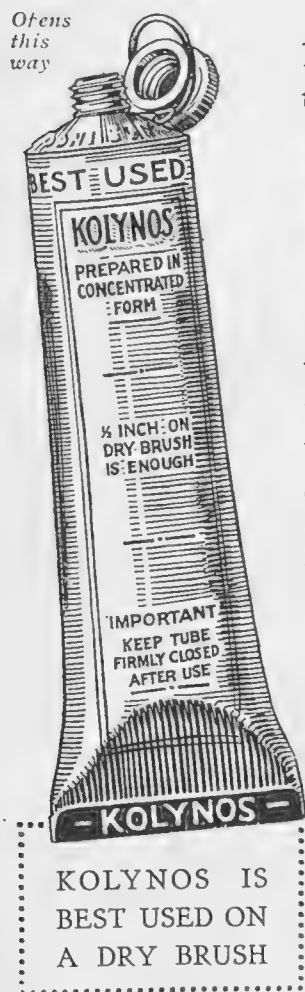
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paste clasp; ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond or pearl centre

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Length 16 inches **3 Gns**
" 24 inches **5 Gns**
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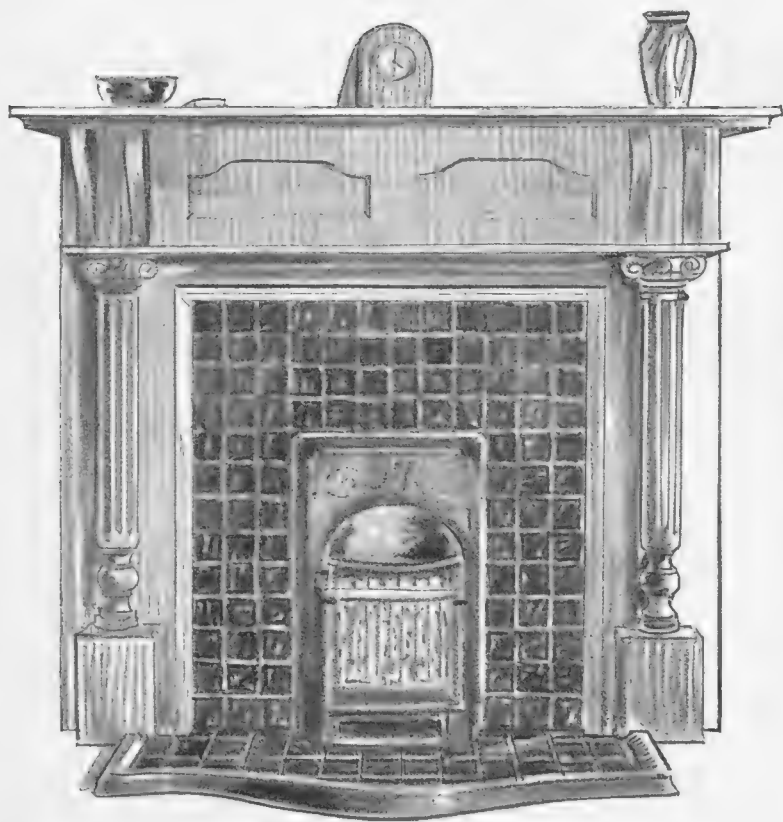
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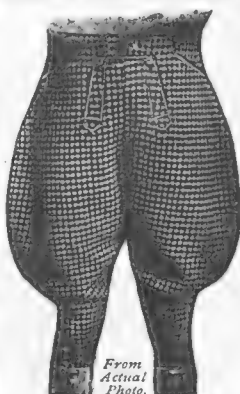
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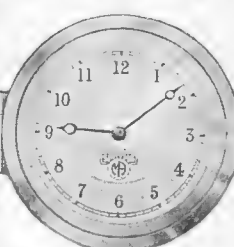


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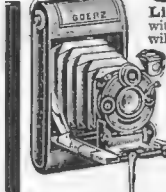
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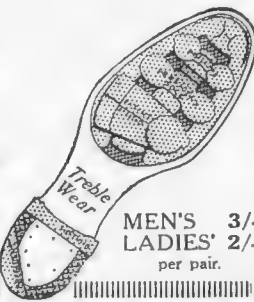
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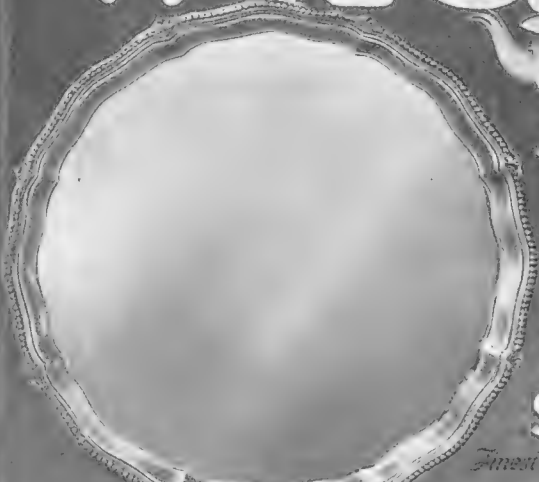
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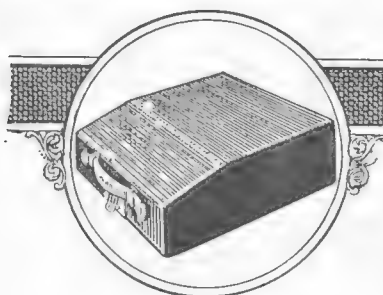


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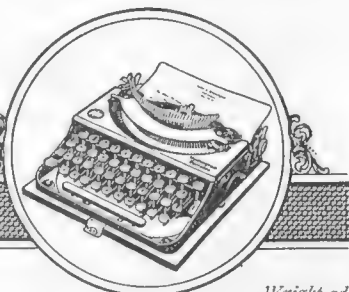
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WOMAN'S WAYS By MABEL HOWARD

widening as they descend, and attached by the narrowest strip of gathered material to the back of a shoulder-strap, or to the drapery over the hip.

A Display of Evening Wear.

The use of entirely different materials for the composition of the back and front of the same frock is one of Fashion's latest whims, and this effective feature occurred in many of the models exhibited by Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, in their splendid dress display. In one lovely evening gown emerald-green brocade was employed for the front, while the back was of satin. Silver tissue, shot and veined with cerise, made a lovely sleeveless dress, in which a long silver panel on the right was lined with cerise georgette. The evening cloaks were particularly beautiful. An upturned collar of monkey fur ornamented a gold-and-black brocade wrap with exceedingly long wings, depending from the shoulders; while in another striking model, a yoke of silver tissue formed the connecting link between a ruffled collar and a wide wrap of black chiffon velvet.

A Note on Hats. Velvet is undoubtedly the most fashionable material for the composition of hats this season. It

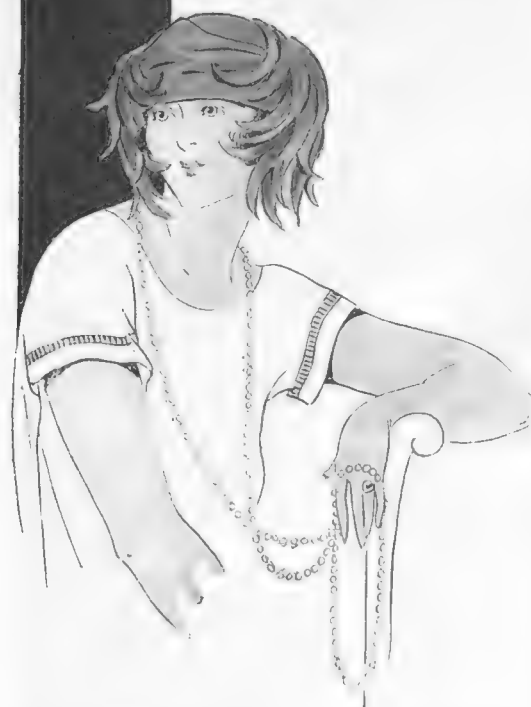
A black velvet picture hat, trimmed with a gold quill, for which Edith Poole is responsible...

is equally successful as the medium for large and small models, and since it forms an ideal background for the latest ideas in feather trimming, no woman will complain of Fashion's choice. Edith Poole, 2, South Molton Street, has used shaded chiffon velvet, gradating in colour from scarlet to a deep ruby, for the small toque on the left, and has ornamented it with scarlet coque feathers. The charm of a black velvet picture hat needs no emphasis, and a most attractive effect is produced by the addition of a long gold quill. A delightful toque, which evidently takes its inspiration from the colours of autumn, has a crown of dead-leaf-tinted velvet, surrounded by three twisted rolls of the material, in which amber gives place first to nut-brown, and finally to a lovely shade of russet. Another fascinating hat of black georgette has an under-brim of scarlet duvetyne, while leather lacquer-work forms the novel trimming.

Underclothes for Winter Days.

In these days it is obvious to all that there is a close connection between clothing and health, but few seem to realise that, in this respect, the choice of correct underwear is of infinitely greater importance than the question of outer garments. The cause of a large percentage of winter chills is the quick transition from well-warmed rooms to bitter weather out of doors, and no better protection could be found against these sudden changes of temperature than Wolsey underwear, which is manufactured from pure wool, and is therefore able to absorb freely, without becoming damp and unhealthy. Of British make throughout, it is guaranteed unshrinkable, and is made in a variety of weights. Short-sighted economy usually prompts the purchase of some cheaper substitute. There is no doubt that in the long run a reliable fabric, such as Wolsey, is emphatically a better investment, as its quality enables it to outlast inferior materials. It is suitable for every form of underclothing, and may be obtained from any draper.

[Continued overleaf.]



Coque feathers droop effectively over the brim of this scarlet chiffon-velvet toque from Edith Poole's, 2, South Molton Street.

The Establish- ment of Fashion.

If September is the month in which Fashion is born, October is certainly the period of crystallisation, during which the new styles take definite form and weld together into the mode which is to prevail throughout the winter. The autumn fashions may be accepted as definitely settled by now, and the number of interesting dress displays which have taken place during the last month have been an important factor to that end. Few will deny that the result is altogether charming, and that the present modes are an advance even on the charming styles in vogue last spring. The tendency towards over-elaboration has given place to a simplicity which depends for its charm on the beauty of drapery; perfect harmonies of colour have taken the place of bizarre contrasts, while the slightly altered silhouette, which follows the lines of the figure, is certainly more graceful than the straight-cut 1921 outline.

Girdles and Trains.

An interesting characteristic of many of the latest autumn models is the outstanding belt. Neglecting its usual duty of gathering in the material, it takes the form of a wide Velazquez roll, or a padded ruche, composed of the same fabric as the dress. The effect of a girdle of this description allied to a sheath-like frock is most attractive, though it should never be worn by a short woman, as it considerably reduces the height. Trains are much in evidence in the latest arrivals from Paris, and are disposed in a novel manner. Instead of hanging evenly from both shoulders, or from the back of the waist, they are frequently arranged on one side, and depend only from one shoulder or hip. In this case they are invariably fan-shaped,

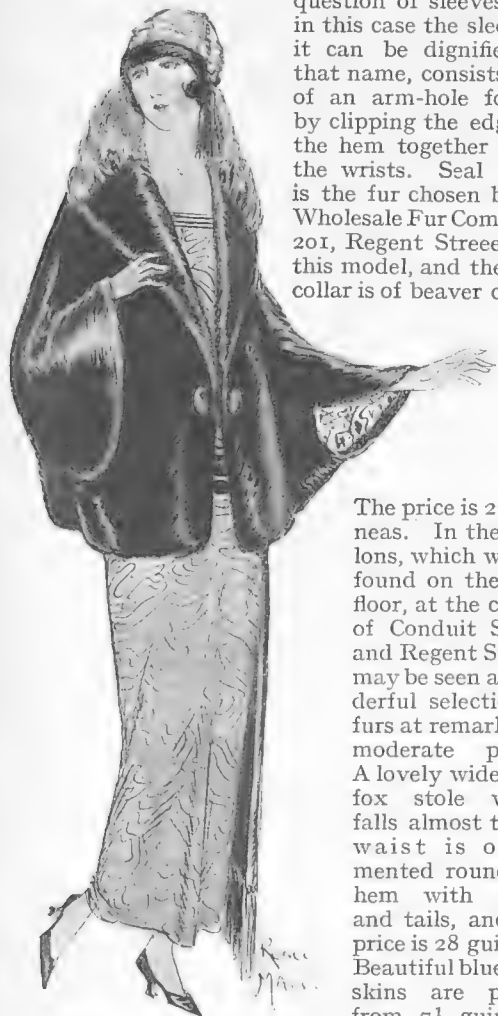


A charming Wolsey nightdress is her safeguard against winter chills.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

A Charming Wrap-Coatee.

An effective model which follows the modern tendency to combine two garments in one is the charming wrap-coatee sketched on this page. The dividing line between wrap and coatee is always the question of sleeves, and in this case the sleeve, if it can be dignified by that name, consists only of an arm-hole formed by clipping the edges of the hem together below the wrists. Seal coney is the fur chosen by the Wholesale Fur Company, 201, Regent Street, for this model, and the wide collar is of beaver coney.



The price is 22 guineas. In their salons, which will be found on the first floor, at the corner of Conduit Street and Regent Street, may be seen a wonderful selection of furs at remarkably moderate prices. A lovely wide kitt-fox stole which falls almost to the waist is ornamented round the hem with paws and tails, and the price is 28 guineas. Beautiful blue wolf skins are priced from 7½ guineas; natural fox stoles cost 11 guineas; while perfect cross-fox furs may be had from 35 guineas.

A coatee-wrap of seal-coney, trimmed with beaver-coney, which stands to the credit of the Wholesale Fur Company, 201, Regent Street.

Attractive Hats for Children.

Simplicity must always be the keynote of all children's clothes. Elaborate creations seem out of keeping with the freshness that is the special charm of childhood, and the undoubted success of Mme. Auburn's Pamela hats for little maidens lies in the perfect quietness of their demure and graceful lines. Two charming examples, which may be seen in her salons at



Satin ribbon is used to trim this becoming Pamela model of Seville felt. Sketched at Mme. Auburn's, 31, Maddox Street.

31, Maddox Street, are illustrated here. The poke-bonnet on the right is of white velours ornamented by satin ribbon and fuchsia-coloured rosebuds. A rosebud adorns each end of the long streamers, and the edge of the brim is bound with satin ribbon. Seville felt is the material employed for the other model, designed for a slightly older child. A wide satin ribbon, of the same lovely orange hue, surrounds the crown, and on the left-hand side appears an ornamental wheel composed of square orange beads and narrow nigger silk braid. Another delightful Pamela hat is a mushroom-shaped white velours with a brim, narrowed at the back, lined with gathered pink georgette. A pink satin ribbon forms a large ruche in front, falling in streamers at the sides.

Autumn Tints in the Home.

The influence of autumn colours is not only noticeable in many beautiful dress models this season; it has also found an echo in the realm of upholstery and furnishing. Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street, are exhibiting in one of their artistically arranged windows a scheme of decoration in which orange, gold, black, and russet are the predominating shades, and the result is most effective. Wine-coloured velvet hangings, orange-tree lampshades, divans and cushions of wonderful hues blend together in a harmony of colour which will delight the eye of every home lover. An important feature of this window is that, though the effect is extremely lovely, the various items themselves are quite inexpensive—as, for instance, the attractive divan, which is priced at £6 15s.

A Friend for Motorists.

There is a certain distinction about all Aquascutum garments that lifts them at once out of the usual rut. Whether the secret lies in the perfect cut or in the choice of splendid materials it is impossible to tell, but the result is always the high-water mark of excellence. The motoring coat pictured on this page is of tan suède, and is well qualified to support the reputation of this famous Regent Street firm. Not only is it double-breasted, but it is completed with buttons and button-holes on each side, so that it can fasten either on the right or the left. The collar is convertible, and even the most driving wind or rain cannot penetrate up the sleeve, for, though the outer sleeve is loose, there is an inner cuff of shot rainproof silk which is gathered snugly round the wrist. The coat

is warmly lined throughout, and is priced at 14 guineas. An additional two guineas secures the little cap to match. It boasts an upturned fur brim and a delightful little suède strap that buckles over the crown when not in use, and justifies its existence in rough weather by fastening under the chin.

"A Scientific Magician." No title could be applied more aptly to Mme. Jacobson—the wonderful beauty specialist of the Maison de Beauté Pompadour, 11, Dover Street—than "The Scientific Magician."

A study of the remarkable results obtained by her skill suggests that there must be miraculous power in her clever fingers. This, however, is not the age of magic, and the credit for her well-deserved success lies in long years of study, the assistance of modern science, and her own untiring devotion to the cause of beauty. No woman whose appearance does not satisfy her innate craving for beauty could do better than put herself in Mme. Jacobson's capable hands. Wrinkles, puffiness under the eyes, loosened skin around the chin and throat, and all blemishes such as moles and unsightly discolourations disappear under the

wonderful Pompadour "red-light" treatments. Pale eyebrows and eyelashes are often the heavy price exacted by Nature for a beautiful head of fair hair, and nothing gives a more insipid expression to the face. Ninon eyelash-cream, which may be had for 4s. 6d. a jar, is invaluable for natural darkening purposes; while Mme. Jacobson's wonder-

ful dyeing process for brows and lashes is absolutely harmless, undetectable, and permanent, as the colour cannot be rubbed or washed off.



Madam Auburn, 31, Maddox Street, has ornamented this white velours Pamela hat with fuchsia rosebuds.



Tan suède makes this attractive weatherproof motor-coat with the fur-brimmed cap to match. Sketched at Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street.



The unseen hands of PADEREWSKI

play to you on the new 'Pianola' Piano ('Duo-Art' Reproducing Model). Although not present it is nevertheless his fingers that operate the keys precisely as they did when, through an ultra-sensitive device, they cut the original roll. Nothing is added, nothing is lost—it is just Paderewski and instantly recognisable as such.

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*"This instrument
is without question
greatly superior to
any other of its kind,
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indeed to have my
playing reproduced
with such manifest
fidelity."*

(Signed)

I. Paderewski.

supersedes all other types of piano-playing instruments. It is a piano of exquisite tone for ordinary use, a 'Pianola' on which you can play ordinary music rolls to your individual taste, and it is a medium through which you can hear in your own home the characteristic playing of the great masters.

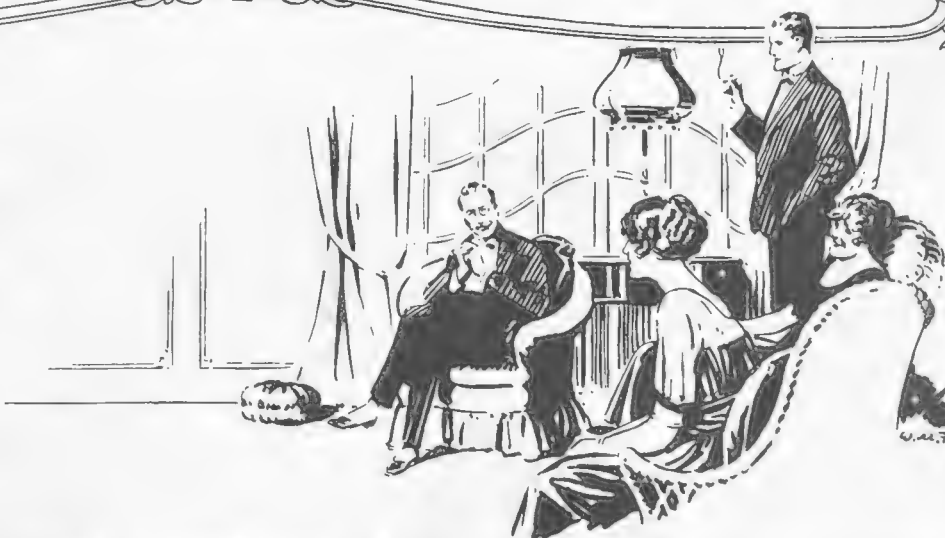
A SPECIAL ALLOWANCE SCHEME BRINGS THE 'DUO-ART' WITHIN EASY REACH of all who already own 'Pianola' Pianos, player pianos or pianos. In order that owners of these may benefit by the latest development of the 'Pianola' it has been decided to make a special exchange allowance upon customers' present instruments which are replaced by the 'Duo-Art' Model. This, together with our individual system of instalment payments, makes it an easy matter to acquire the new 'Pianola' Piano.

To obtain full details of this scheme and catalogues, send name, address and particulars of present instrument, or, if possible, call at Aeolian Hall.

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THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

The Motor Show.

Hardly have the Parisians returned home than they are thrown into the whirl of mundane exigencies. Nobody expected the Salon de l'Automobile to open so early in the season. Friends from the provinces—whom you had invited for a remote future—come to the show. But they also want to see Paris, the Ville Lumière, and they expect you to do them the honours of the capital, as they have done you the honours of their beautiful buildings and landscapes. Alas! you are not through the process of unpacking. Madame has not had time to renew her wardrobe. And Gay Paree has not finished its toilette. The roads are still topsy-turvy. You have not had time to acquaint yourself with the new *restaurant à la mode* (there is a new one every season) and with the *pièce à succès*! The friends from the provinces will have to make their own discoveries as to dressmakers, modistes, cooks, jewellers, authors, and actors who are to be all the rage this winter.

Burst Its Bounds.

In spite of all these troubles the seventeenth motor-show is the most brilliant ever seen. The vast nave of the Grand Palais proved too small for the displays of the 1100 exhibitors. An annexe has been set up on the Esplanade des Invalides, but still more space is wanted. The Salon has burst out of its abode. The tide of cars overflows the Avenue Alexandre III., the Champs Elysées, the Concorde. One of the great builders, aiming at a monster publicity, has bordered the pavements around the Grand Palais by parallel files of tiny baby-cars, yellow, red, green—all the colours in fashion.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT HER KENNELS AT SANDRINGHAM: A BASSET-HOUND FEEDING FROM H.M.'S BASKET.

Queen Alexandra is devoted to animals, and takes a great interest in her kennels at Sandringham. Our snapshot shows one of the basset-hounds helping himself to some tit-bit from her Majesty's basket.

Photograph by S. and G.

In the Champs Elysées.

The aspect of the Champs Elysées is entirely changed. In place of children playing under the attentive control of their nurses there are armies of *hommes-sandwiches* distributing prospectuses, while small inventors explain to the inquisitive public the advantages of their new discovery. Hundreds of automobiles, big and small, run up and down the avenue without cessation all through the afternoon, with pennons floating and drivers in uniform.

Women at the Wheel.

Tout Paris—artists, politicians, financiers, sportsmen—meets in the Salon on gala days. When one enters the large building one is dazzled by the luxury there contained. In a sort of impalpable, luminous mist one distinguishes a forest of placards, sign-boards, posters, enflowered lianas, strings of lights under which spread the stands like a giant draught-board. The feminine element is in force, for the *ferventes* of the wheel are many. The motor-car is the last conquest of woman. She needs no driver. In the alleys of the Bois, as well as amidst the terrible traffic of Paris, she shows man the steadiness of her nerves, the coolness of her head, the rapidity of her judgment and of her determination. When fashion bids, nothing is impossible. Madame can obey its most perilous whims.

Grand Palais Aglow.

The green-carpeted stands are real salons where art, the theatre, literature, and music are discussed. The automobile is only an incidental subject. Inside handsome cars as comfortable as boudoirs Madame and her friends talk. Prominent constructors in frock-coats, top-hats, and white gloves receive their customers of yesterday and of to-morrow.

[Continued overleaf.]

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CHILL Autumn days. Days of rain, mist and dampness. Days which lower the vitality, impair the health, and reduce the natural powers of resistance to colds and epidemic infections.

These are the days for "Ovaltine." The stimulative and health-giving properties it contains fortify the system against colds and influenza, and give a rich reserve of health and vitality with which to face the hard, trying times of the approaching winter.

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"Ovaltine" is a highly concentrated extract of all the goodness, all the nutriment, all the health-giving properties contained in ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs—Nature's Tonic Foods.

Two teaspoonfuls in a cupful of hot milk or milk and water make a most appetising and delicious beverage—brimful of the elements which give health and vitality.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. Drink it instead of tea or coffee with your meals and between meals. It is splendid for children, too, building up healthy bodies and promoting sturdy, muscular development. Drink it as a "night-cap" to ensure sound, natural sleep. *Drink "Ovaltine" for Health!*

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(Continued.)

Sometimes they cannot resist caressing amorously with a woolly rag the glossy hoods, the sparkling wings of the mud-guards, the crystal of the *phares*. Powerful, monstrous cars align their impeccable forms. Ribbed in mahogany, made of ebony nailed in gold, with glass-work flashing like diamonds, they look admirable animals of luxury which know only one master—wealth. In the evening the Grand Palais, all aglow with green and red lights, seems prepared for a *fête de nuit*.

Autumn Fashions.

There it is that in these chilly days one can get a glimpse of autumn fashions. The silhouette is slim and long. The stuff is draped in a Tanagra manner, following closely the feminine lines. Velvet is the favourite for dressy day frocks. Warm and light duvetyns harmonise with the dainty short coats of coloured leather or shaved lamb. The three-piece dresses mingle practicality with elegance. When the dark-coloured paletot opens it reveals a blouse of bright-hued crêpe-de-Chine. This contrast is of the most happy effect. The robe-manteau with fur at the collar and cuffs is the *préférée*. A black one with breast-pocket embroidered, and belt of flowers of red raphia is of an extremely pleasing simplicity. For the evening the lustreless crêpe georgette is enhanced by a glittering fourreau of "salammbô." Brocades and lamés are draped round the low waist, leaving the bust and shoulders to emerge almost bare. The colours are varied. Black is finished—at least the all-black. All the gamut of greens, and of rubies, and of tortoiseshell is rightly the most favoured. They look glorious under the electric light. The sleeves are whimsical,

extravagant! The latest is the long sleeve closely moulding the arm and hiding the hand—happily leaving the nails to show!



THE MAN WHO BEAT CARPENTIER: BATTLING SIKI, WITH HIS DUTCH WIFE AND CHILD.

Battling Siki, the new boxing star, has been enjoying his holiday from the rigours of training, and has been at Rotterdam. Our photograph shows him with his wife, who is Dutch by birth, and his child.

Photograph by I.B.

At Longchamp. There was a great display of elegance for the Grand Prix d'Automne at Longchamp. A number of personalities attended this great open-air event. Furs were not very conspicuous, as the fine weather permitted you to show your dress. Nevertheless, Lady Patricia Ramsay wore a beautiful cape of mink which, when opened, revealed a gown of mordoré crêpe marocain. Scarfs of sables, stoles of silver-fox, pékans were cosily swathed round the neck.

The Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge wore black marocain with a tunic of gold lamé and a cape of sables. The colour of tortoiseshell was worn by the Duchesse Decazes; the Comtesse de Maigret, who had a short coat of lamb dyed in the same hue; and Mme. Duyck, who over her dress of crêpe-de-Chine wore a beautiful mantle of Smyrna velvet with huge collar of zibeline. The fashionable breischwanz was seen in a cloak with border of chinchilla, and again in a short coat worn by Mrs. Berry-Wall over a dress of black liberty. The Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe was a real *succès mondain* as well as a sporting event. JEANNETTE.

The *Sphere* for Oct. 21 will contain a special Oxford section, including a Pictorial Who's Who of Oxford in 1922. This section will be of unique interest to all those connected with the great University. The special portraits in this section have been taken by Mr. Walter Benington—the well-known camera-portraitist. A special series of pictures from Constantinople will be of exceptional interest at the present time.

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SUPER-FINANCE

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

CREDIT is a cultured illusion. Money is a manufactured myth. But our modern civilisation is dependent upon its realisable tokens.

Let us peep down the well of national finance, and discover at the bottom the carefully hidden truth.

We have won the war to end wars—as is proved by the peaceful mentality of the political Kilkenny cats. But what about the financial aftermath? The fireworks were magnificent for those who viewed them in security, but the bill for the burning comes as a shock.

Excluding international debts and credits, the British Government owes its own subjects a trifling sum of £6,000,000,000. The annual interest on this alone amounts to nearly double the entire annual pre-war revenue. Add to this an iniquitously prodigal Governmental expenditure, and the result is that the Britisher is thwarted of all possibility of progress by a crushing Income Tax, and victimised by other taxation, direct and indirect, to an extent unprecedented in the history of this or any other country in the world.

This great National Debt, this unprecedented taxation, is bleeding the commerce of Britain to death. It is the cause of unparalleled unemployment. What are we to do?

We must study our national balance-sheets, forget our tragic human crosses, and cut our illusory material noughts. We must unshackle posterity. We must liquidate this millstone of National Debt. It can easily be done by a policy of graduated cancellation, and when that is accomplished, Britain will enter upon the greatest era of prosperity it has ever known.

Socialism can achieve nothing but chaos. Bolshevism can never arise beyond its level of vulgar bestiality. Only sound finance and progressive commercialism can solve the economic miseries of the world to-day.

* * * * *

The illogical taglet is that the business of Pope and Bradley is hardly symptomatic of the times. The year of 1922 has been an amazingly successful one for the House. The returns are far ahead of 1921. Bond Street clothes are evidently as good as the present Governmental policy is bad.

Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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Put ENO to the test and follow this simple, pleasant rule of health: First thing every morning drink a glass of water (cold or warm) sparkling with a dash of ENO.

It's a pleasure to drink

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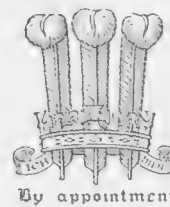
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PLAYS—WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

"THE SCANDAL" AT THE NEW THEATRE.

"Our Sybil." Miss Sybil Thorndike is becoming one of the axioms of the London stage. Which is half-way to being an Institution. And that, as most playgoers know to their cost, lies well on the road to destruction. In the artistic sense, of course, with the usual accompaniments of an American reputation and an abundant bank balance. But she mustn't, if her well-wishers can prevent it, go that way yet. She ran a grave risk, in the days when she was an Old Victorian, of growing under our horrified eyes into a Tragedy Queen of the most impressive type. And one half suspects that some of her old admirers from over the water who sit in the gallery to applaud "our Sybil" are more than a little disappointed when she doesn't behave like one.

Greece and Guignol. But she has exposed herself to a more dangerous experience than that. A little moaning and writhing in the intervals

of declaiming Professor Gilbert Murray's delightful variations on a theme of Euripides will do nobody any harm. But a term of years in almost solitary confinement at the Little Theatre is a more serious proposition. Miss Thorndike's shockers at the Grand

case of Mr. Ainley, who has continued for years to reproduce the nervous mannerisms of the hero of one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's great plays. The sort that he used to write in the days, you know, before he took to sleeping out in the Euston Road.

The Familiar Pottage.

That is the vividest impression that one brings away from the New Theatre. Here is a tepid little French play of a perfectly familiar type. The ingredients of the familiar pottage (it would be indelicate to complete the quotation) are one cold suet wife, one lover (with red pepper), one wise, kindly husband with a sad, sad smile, and one stern old mother to same. Let them simmer for three Acts or so, and serve to taste. Garnished—and translated—by Lady Bell with considerable skill. Except when she permits the Prefect of the Bouches de Rhône to talk about "the

republican government" when he means "the government of the Republic." But Miss Thorndike, after all her harassing experiences with skeletons in cupboards at the Grand

[Continued overleaf.]



THE NEW CROSSLEY 12-14: A FOUR-SEATED TOURING CAR FOR £475.

Our photograph shows the new 12-14-h.p. Crossley four-seated touring car, complete with electric starting and lighting set and all-weather side-curtains, for £475. The merit of Crossley cars is well known, and it is interesting to note that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has just ordered a 19-6-h.p. Crossley, fitted with a special interior-drive body.

Guignol have gone a long way to distort her sense of dramatic proportion and to endow her with a set of mannerisms long, long before her time. One can never forget the

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LUXURIOUS in every sense of the term is the new 10-12 H.P. Straker-Squire. That it is unusually high in efficiency goes without saying, for it has all the racing experience of the wonderful Straker-Squire "Six" built into its design.

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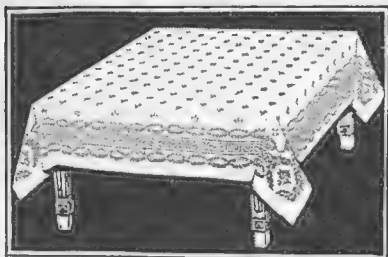
4-cylinder engine 65 X 110 mm. R.A.C. rating 10.4 h.p., overhead valves. Thermo syphon cooling. Forced lubrication. Magneto ignition. Inverted cone clutch. Four speeds and reverse. Righthand change. Spiral bevel drive. Internal expanding brakes, long semi-elliptic springs front and rear. Steel detachable wheels, 710 X 60 non-skid tyres; 9 ft. wheelbase, 3 ft. 10 in. track. Smith's electric starting and lighting, double windscreen, hood, leather upholstery, clock, speedometer, electric horn, grease gun lubrication, petrol gauge, etc.

NEW MODELS AND REDUCED PRICES.

10-12 H.P. 2-seater with dickey complete ..	£425
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K 220. Original MODEL composed of Velveteen of rich quality, beautifully embroidered. Fur on collar and on pockets. Black, nigger, navy, purple, mole, etc. .. **6 Gns.**

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For over 80 years we have made a special study of Carpets, and have earned what we consider to be a well-deserved reputation for quality, style and value.

Customers are advised in their own interest to compare our prices before placing their orders elsewhere.

PLAIN CARPETS

We specialise in Plain Carpets, and have a very large stock of Saxony, Axminster and Hair Carpets in a wonderful range of exclusive colourings in various dependable qualities. Orders can be executed on the shortest possible notice.

PLAIN HAIR CARPETS

Our stock has been considerably increased, and we now have a large range of Coloured and Natural Grey Hair Carpets in a variety of qualities.

27 ins. wide, natural grey colours.

5/3, 6/3, 6/11, 7/9 and 8/11 yd.

27 ins. wide, in all colours.

6/11 and 8/9 per yd.

WILTON CARPET

Plain Colours.

In a quality specially made for us and stocked in the following colours: blue, green, mole, grey, dark brown, light brown, golden brown and terra-cotta.

27 ins. wide. 11/3 per yd.

Small Self-Colour Design Wiltons.

This is made in very small neat designs, and will be found very useful when a quite plain carpet is not required. Stocked in several good colours.

27 ins. wide. 11/9 per yd.

Patterns of any make sent on application.

All Carpets can be made up to any size, length, or shape, or to close cover a room, at the shortest possible notice.

INDIAN CARPETS & RUGS

A Carpet for heavy wear at most reasonable prices.



The above design is an "ELLORE" INDIAN CARPET of a very heavy quality and is stocked in a large range of sizes.

Examples:—

6 0 x 6 0	£3 15 0
8 0 x 5 0	3 19 6
9 0 x 6 0	5 10 0
8 11 x 8 3	7 15 0
10 0 x 8 5	8 10 0
11 10 x 8 11	10 15 0
12 0 x 9 4	11 10 0
12 9 x 10 2	12 15 0
13 1 x 10 3	13 10 0
15 0 x 12 3	18 15 0

RUGS to match.

6 0 x 3 0	£1 17 6
7 0 x 4 0	2 19 6

OUR "SPECIAL" DEEP PILE SAXONY CARPET

In twelve excellent colourings.

27 ins. wide. 16/9 per yd.

36 ins. wide. 25/6 per yd.

HARVEY'S HEAVY YARN DEEP PILE SAXONY.

As many of our customers require a Saxony Carpet that we can guarantee to stand hard wear, we have had one made, which is confined exclusively to ourselves, in a large range of colours, viz.: brown, grey, blue, biscuit, green, crimson, light green, fawn, mauve, &c.

27 ins. wide. 21/- per yd.

36 ins. wide. 29/6 per yd.

CARPET SQUARES

We have now in stock a large assortment of Carpet Squares, Seamless Axminster and Wilton Carpets. There is an excellent range of designs, colourings and sizes.

Examples of our Persian design
Wilton Carpets and Rugs.

4 6 x 2 3	-	£1 7 6
5 6 x 3 0	-	2 9 6
6 0 x 4 6	-	3 10 0
7 6 x 4 6	-	4 7 6
9 0 x 4 6	-	5 5 0
9 0 x 6 9	-	7 17 6
10 6 x 6 9	-	9 10 0
9 0 x 9 0	-	10 10 0
10 6 x 9 0	-	12 5 0
12 0 x 9 0	-	14 0 0
12 0 x 11 3	-	17 10 0
13 6 x 11 3	-	19 15 0
15 0 x 11 3	-	21 17 6
16 6 x 11 3	-	24 10 0

Also Rugs to match in sizes:

9 ft. 0 in. x 3 ft. 0 in.	10 ft. 6 in.
x 3 ft. 0 in.	12 ft. 0 in. x 3 ft. 0 in.

GOOCH'S

VOGUE & VALUE

This is typical of the many new Gooch creations to be seen at any time—at prices to meet all needs.

"BERYL"

Elegant Gown of navy blue wool poplin, handsomely embroidered with the new shades of tan, yellow, and brown; deep georgette frills at sleeves in suede shade. The Model, price **18½ Gns.**

Can be copied in any fashionable shade.

Send for Gooch's new illustrated Autumn Dress Catalogue.

GOOCH'S

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This attractive Princess Petticoat is made from pure silk Milanese, and has been specially designed for wearing under Coat Frocks, Knitted Frocks, etc. It is well cut and finished, and is a most useful garment.

PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch) in pure silk Milanese, with the new cross-over bodice, simple slip-on shape, with an effective hemstitched design. In black and a variety of colours. Lengths from shoulder 46, 48 and 50 inches.

SPECIAL PRICE

39/6

Sent on approval.

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& Freebody**

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W.1



Catalogue post free.



Photograph of W. Jelks & Sons' Showrooms and Offices, Holloway Road, London, N.7.

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HALF COST AND DOUBLE WEAR OF CHEAP NEW GOODS.

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Good second-hand furniture such as Jelks supply makes the greatest possible appeal to lovers of home comfort. See to it you get England's best Furniture value by letting Jelks furnish your new home, or supply you with that much-needed additional piece.

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REMOVALS BY MOTOR PANTECHNICS TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.
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**500,000 Square
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SATURDAY HOURS OF BUSINESS, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Depositories:
2 to 16, EDEN GROVE (adjoining).
'Phones: North 2598 and 2599.
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A BAG of BEAMS

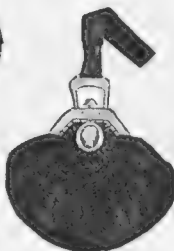
A Lytup handbag is *the* thing to take to the theatre or in a taxi or on top of a bus. As you open it a powerful little electric light switches on and illuminates the interior. You can disentangle your latch key from your "pencil," and make quite sure you are not giving the bus conductor half-a-crown for a penny fare, and there's a dear little mirror among the fittings.

The pickpocket who unobtrusively opens your handbag to steal your purse is the only person who won't think it charming.



Square Imitation clear Tortoiseshell frame, Blue and gold silk Brocade. Selection of linings
£3 13s. 6d.

Imitation Ivory arched frame, strap handle, cameo tab, gathered and piped dark blue Silk Bag, salmon pink lining
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HANDBAGS
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Sole Manufacturer:
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Owing to the imminent rebuilding of our Regent Street premises, it is essential to clear our entire stock of

FINEST GRADE FURS.

These are not specially bought for sale purpose but our usual smart up-to-date choice goods of guaranteed quality.

There are hundreds of Bargains for keen buyers and inspection is cordially invited, or a postcard will bring illustrated catalogue.

Elegant Model Fur Coats in Mink, Beaver, Squirrel, Nutria, Moleskin, Marmot, Beaver Coney, etc., from 10 Gns.

Beautiful Fur Stoles in Fisher, Lynx, Mongolian Fox, Cub Bear, Kitt Fox, etc., from 5 Gns.

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MANCHESTER :

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The New Short Coat in
Sable Marmot, 22 Gns.
Beaver Coney, 25 "
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A Soap of Quality for Delicate Skins

Its gentle action stimulates and beautifies the skin. Its delicate perfume makes it the daintiest as well as

The Safest Toilet Soap to use.

Obtainable of all Chemists
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DESIGNED and made in
our own workrooms from
rich quality Chiffon Velveteen.

Attractive BRIDGE COAT
to slip over head (as sketch),
made in rich chiffon velveteen,
three-quarter loose
sleeve and two small pockets,
embroidered in conelly stitch
of a contrasting shade.

Price 49/6

In black only. Embroidered
in royal, grey, purple, flame,
cyclamen, and all black.

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Oct. 16th to Oct. 21st
All-wool winter-weight
black cashmere, made
from the highest grade
yarn. Thoroughly
dependable 3/9 per pair;
also with silk clocks,
4/11 per pair.



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This "NINETTE" Gown is most charming and original in design: made in a heavy Mauve and Silver Tinsel, it is one of the many exclusive Models of our own and Paris origination.

NINETTE'S PRICES ARE JUST ABOUT HALF WHAT YOU EXPECT THEM TO BE.

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B.Y.2. Dainty Cot, canoe shape, fancy cane, well made. Lined quilted Jap silk, finished bows of soft satin ribbon. Can be trimmed in any colour in our own workroom **8¹/₂ gns.**



B.Y.5. Infant's Hamper Basket, trimmed hemstitched muslin over pink or blue sateen; wide slots threaded double satin ribbon; petal rosette **89/-**

B.Y.4. Infant's Wicker Crib, trimmed hemstitched muslin, over pink or blue sateen, slotted wide double satin ribbon; petal rosettes. Including Coverlet - **8 gns.**



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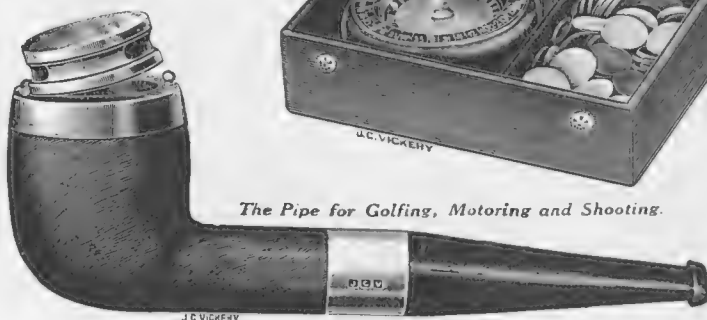
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Vickery's *Pocket Roulette.*

Size only 5 x 3¹/₂"

Complete with folding Roulette Cloth, Rules and Counters, Blue or Green Morocco 21/-
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Green, Blue or Violet Crushed Morocco.. .. 32/6

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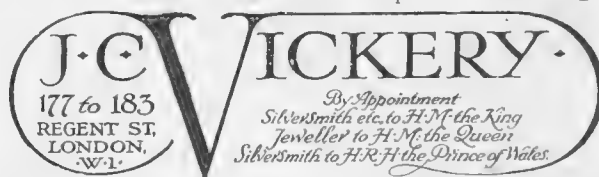


The Pipe for Golfing, Motoring and Shooting.

No. E 1296.

Best Sterling Silver-Mounted BRIAR PIPE, with Silver Storm Cap to keep ash from blowing about. Most useful for Golfing, Motoring, Shooting, &c. Can be comfortably smoked in the strongest wind. In either Straight or Bent Shape.

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SilverSmith etc. to H.M. the King
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RELIABLE FURS NATURAL HUDSON BAY CROSS FOX

WE have secured direct from Canada a very fine collection of these most beautiful skins, which are true to type, with dark neck and clear, silvery rumps with handsome brushes and of a bright silky appearance.

Animal Natural Cross Fox Fur Tie, worked from a full, silky, well-marked whole skin.

Price

39 Gns.

Also same shape from 29 Gns. to 98 Gns

**SPECIAL GLOVE
AND HOSIERY
WEEK,**

Oct. 16 to Oct. 21
Best Arabian lambskin, lined throughout with fur, in tan and slate.

14/6 per pair.



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*Dancing
in the
Palm Court*

**HOTEL
CECIL**
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THE NEW "CORSLO"

To achieve the most fashionable figure effect of absolutely natural suppleness is the aim of the new "Corslo." Only two central and short bones are introduced into the cleverly cut Crêpe-de-Chine, Tricot or satin, and it does the combined duty of bodice, corset and hip belt, moulding, and at the same time, supporting the bust, and giving a long graceful line to the waist and hips, being kept in position by two sets of suspenders. First and foremost, the "Corslo" is for the slender woman's wear with the most fashionable day and evening gowns and dance dresses, while, as absolute freedom for every movement is essential to the success and enjoyment of tennis and golf, etc., it is a necessity and a boon to the sportswoman; incidentally, it should be included in every Trousseau or Tropical Outfit.

THE NEW "CORSLO" HIP BELT AND BUST BODICE COMBINED (as sketch) in pink or white cotton tricot, buttoned at back, two bones in front, which may be removed for washing, two pairs of suspenders. Measurements required are: hips, bust and waist.

PRICE
42/-

In Crêpe-de-Chine ... 63/-
In silk tricot ... 4 Gns.

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**Debenham
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Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W.1



THE "ALEXANDRA."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest shape helmet with elongated crown which is most becoming and absolutely sunproof. Beautifully finished in White Drill with close-folded Puggaree and underlined green or blue to protect the eyes. Fitted with Patent Air Chamber and Corrugated lining if desired, and also Chin-Strap. Price 48/6
Tussore 58/6. Also Helmets for Afternoon or Dress Wear, covered in straw plait with pleated effect and pleated under to brim. In various colours.

Unobtainable elsewhere. From 58/6.
The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar
Topees, and Double Terails in the World. Models particularly
suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.
N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, there-
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address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

ROBERT HEATH
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BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

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New Autumn Hats of Exclusive Design



ATTRACTIVE EMBROIDERED DUVETYN HAT,
in many good colours.

Price 69/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
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Loss of Voice relieved by Evans' Pastilles

Evans' Pastilles are made to the prescription of a leading Throat Specialist. They are a unique combination of remedies most valuable in throat affections; their action is antiseptic, slightly astringent and soothing and they are most effective in loosening and removing any mucous secretions that may be present.

A tin of Evans' Pastilles is invaluable—get one to-day from your Chemist's—**1/3.**

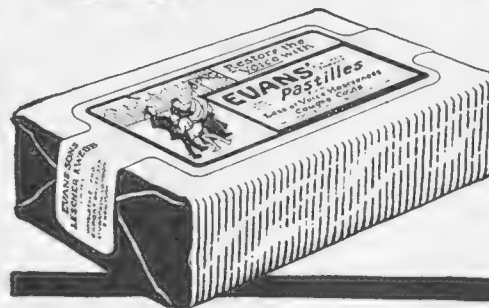
See the Raised Bar on every Pastille-exclusive to Evans'.



EVANS' Pastilles

An effective precautionary measure against bronchial ailments and the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, etc.

Sole Proprietors:—Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd., Liverpool and London.



QEP

IS YOUR BOY AT OXFORD?

If so, the SPHERE for Oct. 21st will be of very special interest to you.

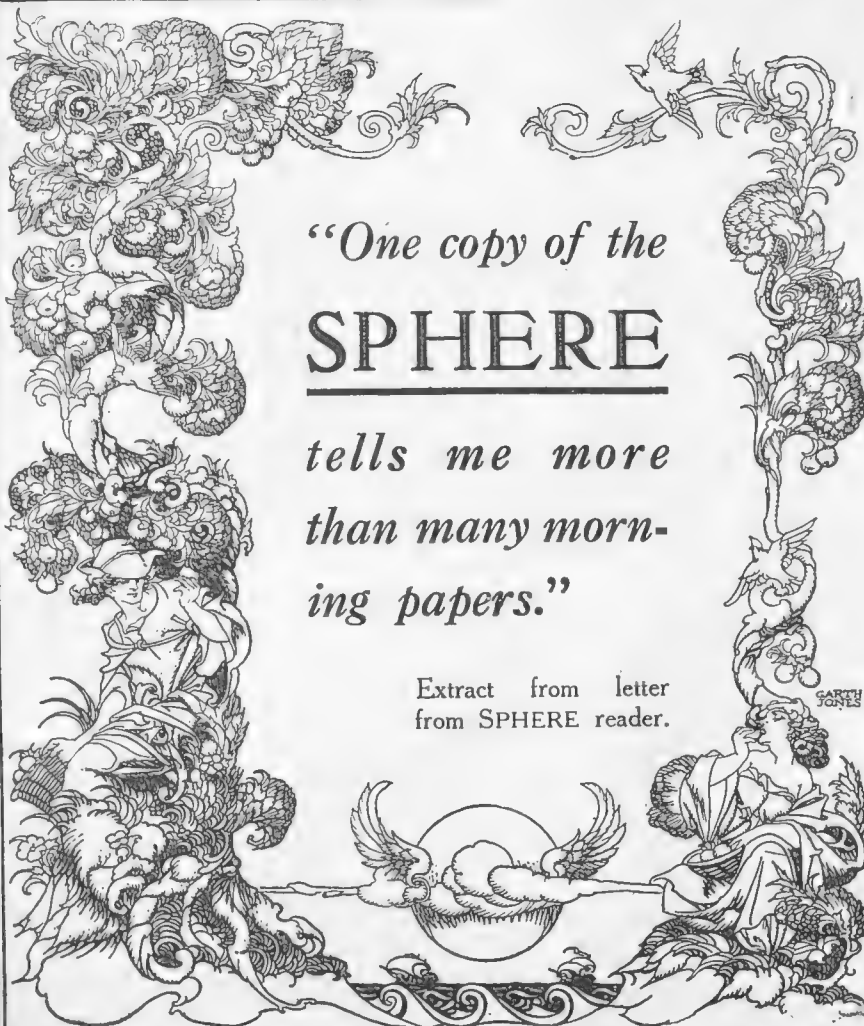
It contains an Illustrated Who's Who of Oxford in 1922.



Order at once from your newsagent (Part II. in the following week):—
Price **One Shilling.**

*"One copy of the
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tells me more
than many morn-
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Extract from letter
from SPHERE reader.



Proper Corsetry gives a grace of poise — a lissomness that Challenges age

EVEN if we have that loveliest, most desirable and yet most unenduring thing in the world—Youth—it is seldom that our bodies are slim in *just the right* places. And the wisp of a corset that will coax away the tiny imperfections of youth without detracting one bit from our precious comfort, will save us, a few years hence, from looking older than we really are.

Age is a treacherous and resourceful antagonist. If we have foolishly attempted to keep, with exaggerated corsetry, a disproportionately small waistline at the expense of other and more important dimensions; if we have permitted our figures to sag unbecomingly through lack of proper support, we have put our birthday anniversaries where any can count them.



The Type Corsetry that GOSSARDS have created conceals itself from the appraising eye of one's best enemy. Every type of figure has been individually studied and the GOSSARDS designed for you will coax, restrain, supplement—easily, gently, naturally—and bring you by hidden ways to the best of which your figure is capable. The style here illustrated is designed for the Ideal figure, large above the waist.

Why continue to buy just a "corset" when, at any of the best stores and speciality shops, a skilful corsetière will unfailingly select for you a GOSSARD that will make you look so much better and feel so much better? The cost of GOSSARDS is well within the price you would expect to pay for such superior artistry and workmanship, and they offer an unequalled value in wearing service that makes their purchase a true economy.



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like GOSSARD Corsets, are made for types; materials and shaping conform unerringly to individual needs. They are made for women with a true perception of beauty and an appreciation of that faultless detail that is the certain stamp of superior quality. Their unusual wearing service alone will justify their cost.



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BUENOS AIRES.



Miss Ivy Tresmand wearing her "L.B." Velour.

Photo by Arbuthnot.

Model 708.

Made in Light Grey, Dark
Grey, Mole, Champagne,
Putty, String, **3** Gns.
Copper, Brown,
Bronze, Saxe, etc.

*Lincoln
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Handsome Red Fox Animal Ties at Bargain Prices



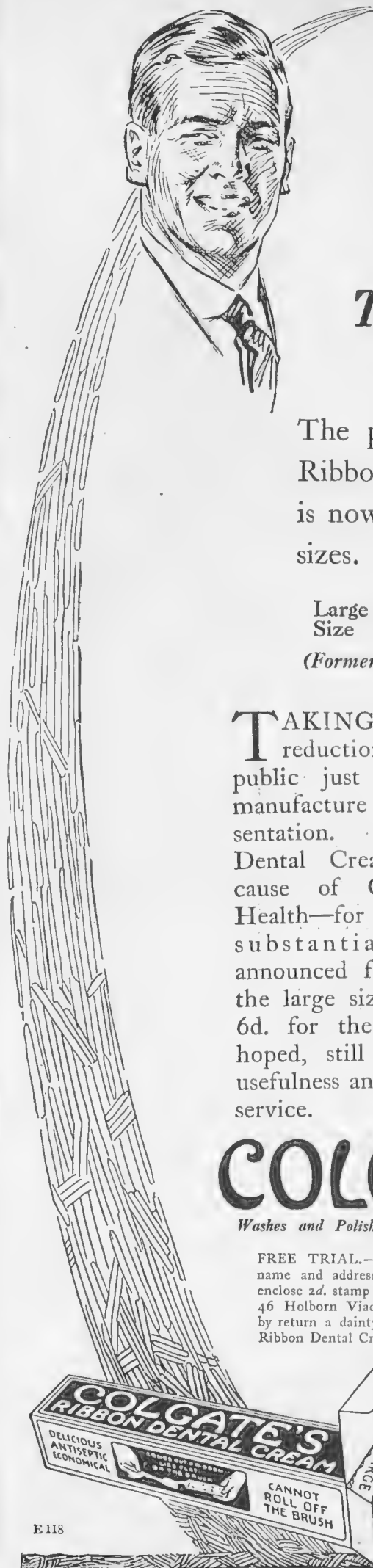
THE fashionable
Red Fox animal
illustrated here is of
the most becoming
shade, well - finished
and represents good
style; is offered at
the remarkably low
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4 Gns.

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Orders quickly executed.

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The price of Colgate's
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is now reduced in both
sizes.

Large **1/-** Medium **6d.**
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(Formerly 1/3) (Formerly 7½d.)

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hoped, still further add to its
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Washes and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour.

FREE TRIAL.—Send this Coupon, with your
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Hidden within every generously proportioned figure, is the IDEAL figure; "W.B. Super-Reduso Corsets" (designed exclusively for full figures) mould and re-distribute superfluous tissue, so that this IDEAL figure is brought out and made visible.

The elderly full-figured woman is given a stately grace and perfect poise which befits her years; the young full-figured woman is given the smart straight lines of the normal average figure. "W.B. Super-Reduso Corsets" are made in six different shapes. Fitted by experts at

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(your "friend in need")
Price from 15 Guineas.
Toupet from 7 Guineas.*

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By appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN OF SWEDEN.



By appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN.



By appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN OF SPAIN.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our Children's Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made on the premises by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

CHARMING COAT (as sketch) for little girl in mastic faille silk, trimmed natural fox fur and warmly interlined, and lined pink silk.

In size for 2 years.	Price	7 Gns.
" " 3 "	"	7½ Gns.
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" " 5 "	"	8½ Gns.

HAT to match, daintily lined under brim, with drawn pink georgette, and trimmed ribbon 69/6

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Have now a Splendid Selection of Motor Clothing on View in the WOMEN'S STORE

An Early Inspection Invited.

One of Many Unique Values we are offering for Lady Motorists is

The "Rulilea."

A Practical Inexpensive Coat for Motoring, especially made for Gamages, in heavy twill back rubber of guaranteed reliability; both for wear and waterproof qualities. This material has the absolute appearance of leather. May be worn either way as illustrations. Double-breasted, storm collar and cuffs, 2 slit pockets, all-round belt. Colours include Tan, Navy, Mole, Green, and Purple. Lengths: 46 ins., 48 ins., and 50 ins. PRICE

48/6

LADIES' LEATHER MOTORING CAP.

Soft brim of Fur, which can be worn up or down. In Tan, Purple, Grey, and Green. PRICE

17/11

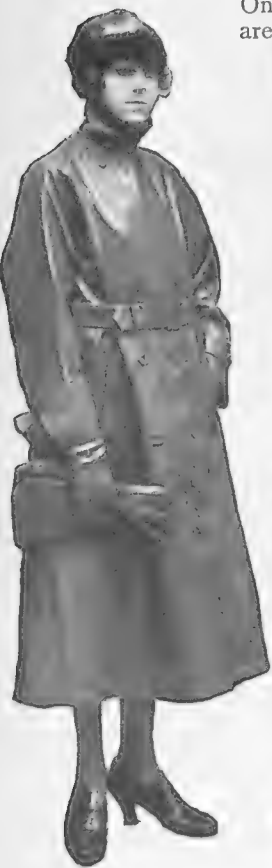
SOFT FOLDING LEATHER HAT.

With wide brim, underlined contrasting shades, including Tan/Castor, Navy/Grey, Grey/Navy, Purple/Grey. PRICE

9/11

All the above sent Post Free.

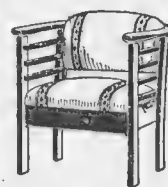
GAMAGES
Holborn, London, E.C.1



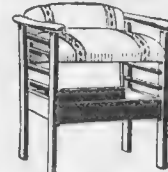
Here's a comfy chair which converts into music stool or table

UTILITY

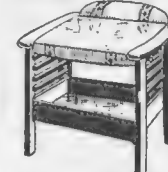
CHAIR & MUSIC STOOL (Patent applied for). The greatest space-saver ever invented. Covered in Poplinette Mahogany finish. **63/-**



As a Comfy Chair.



As a Music Stool.



As a Table.

IN a second you can make it into a child's high chair, a music stool or the handiest of tables. In turns it is cosy, convenient, and supremely useful all the time. Covered in Velvet Corduroy **67/6**; Covered in Tapestry **72/6**; Jacobean Style, Model de Luxe (Solid Oak) **92/6** (as illustrated). Model de Luxe in Solid Mahogany, **112/6**

Illustrations of the other styles sent on request.



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House for "Ready-to-Wear"
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Naval & Military UNIFORMS, Swords, and every Military requirement.

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Naval, Military and Civil Outfitters.

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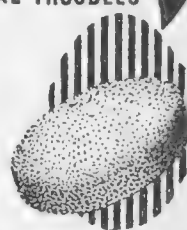
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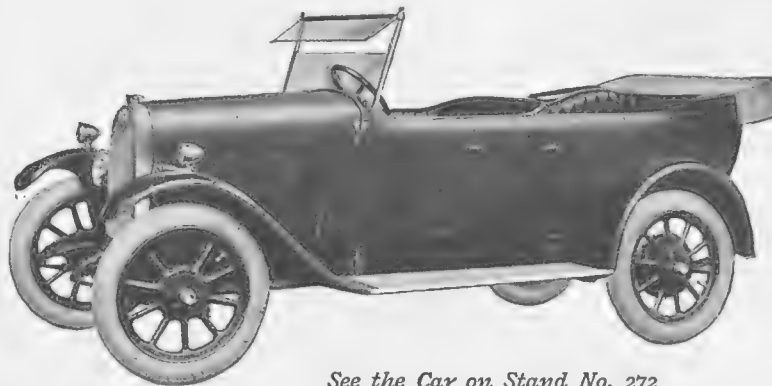
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Continued.]

Guignol, drifts through this amiable little exercise in harmless infidelity with the deepest, the most tragic intensity. She stares at the oldest situations in French drama with wild eyes and a drawn mouth. Someone plays a familiar gambit—and her smile runs rigidly up one side of her face. It is a perfect exercise of her capacity for grand tragedy. But, unfortunately, "The Scandal" was not grand tragedy. Or anything like it.

No Murder. With that allowance, her performance was full of accomplishment. Only it made one a trifle impatient, with the play of the evening to watch a lady of great capacity who had so manifestly walked in out of another and far more interesting one. With battle, murder, and sudden death in it. And bodies in boxes, and all sorts of lively articles at which the lady of the house might permissibly stare with a dead white face and a wry, drawn smile. But there was nothing in "The Scandal" which seemed to correspond with the emotions which Miss Thorndike was portraying so vividly.

Shocking, if Enjoyable With her, Miss Rosina Filippi. Once again there was some difficulty in reconciling the figure imagined by the author of the play with its lively embodiment on the stage. M. Bataille had written the speeches for one of those dour old peasant mothers who are a feature of French life as well as a convention of French drama. She was a thoroughly unpleasant old lady, with a rustic down on the fine young person whom her son had brought home on his wedding day. Not so Miss Rosina Filippi. She loves to have audiences love her. We all do. And so, instead of the grim old mother, she gave us a jovial old party in whose mouth almost

every speech sounded quite, quite wrong. This from so skilled an instructress of the dramatic young was a shade shocking. If thoroughly enjoyable.

The Cast. The best of the men was Mr. Brember Wills. He is one of the most thorough, most intelligent, and most self-effacing actors on the London stage, and he made his little clerk a perfect study, full of small touches and fine work. Mr. Lewis Casson painted his two small parts with a broader brush, but they were both amusing in their different ways. Mr. Hollman struggled bravely with the impossibilities of an operatic person who was a part-time blackmailer and a part-time gentleman. The bulk of the talking came—as it mostly does—the husband's way; and Mr. Leslie Faber did it extremely competently. The part was one of those cardboard figures which used to suit Sir George Alexander down to the ground. But it was too full of the familiar conventions of French drama ever to come completely to life behind London footlights. Mr. Faber worked hard to make the best of it. Which is what we all did. But next time we see a cast of such intelligence we should like to see them in an intelligent play. Why not "Jane Clegg" again?

A BAD WOMAN.

(Continued from page 104.)

laugh, and the sound of a long-drawn-out kiss.

Ruthven's rage almost overwhelmed him. The shamelessness, the wickedness of it! Almost was he tempted to burst in upon them, to denounce them, to drive them from the house and grounds. But there was Will.

He must see, must know, and, most of all, must believe. It was now or never. Will's voice sounded in the hall outside, and Ruthven turned to meet him as he advanced towards the long table with a thirsty, cheery party of dancers.

"Hullo, uncle!" hailed Tempest jovially. "What's up? You look like Guy Fawkes, or some other ruddy old history fellow, who blew up something or other."

Ruthven's heart almost failed him as he looked at Tempest's happy grin.

"Will, I want to speak to you alone," he said. Then his savage rage overmastered him. "No," he shouted; "you may as well all see, damn her—a bad woman!"

Fiercely he turned the key and flung open the door of the dark conservatory. The light streamed in, revealing Bohun with a slim white figure clasped in his arms, their lips locked in another long-drawn-out kiss.

At the crash of the opening door the couple fell apart, and as Ruthven advanced, the woman raised a startled face to his. It was Vera, his wife.

[THE END.]

The Editor regrets that the photograph which was published in *The Sketch* of Oct. 4 in connection with the announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Ross Hume and Flight-Lieutenant E. R. Pretymann was not a portrait of Mrs. Ross Hume, and he would like to express regret for any annoyance that may have been caused by this mistake. The Editor would also like to add that Lady Mabel Sievier's address is exclusively 68, Regency Square, Brighton, and not also, as might have been implied by our article, Fitzroy House, Newmarket.

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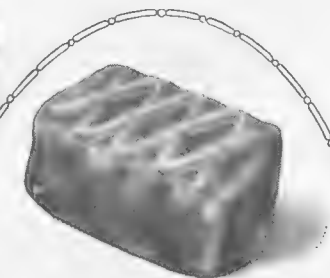
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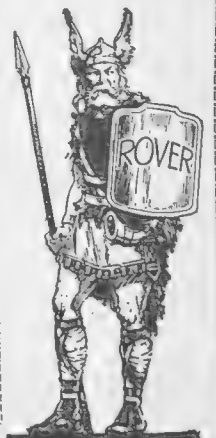
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A DIFFICULT SITUATION.

BY IRIS BARRY.

OF the two general categories of waitress, Lallie certainly did not belong to the one whose art consists in enriching each meal with a sort of mayonnaise of condescension. She was not one of those tall, proud beauties who drop a bun and a milk-with-dash before the customer, much as the duchesses of their serial dreams no doubt drop lapdogs into their butlers' arms. For one thing, she was not quite tall enough. Her rôle was that of the helpful and rather winsome little mortal who brings dainty comestibles shyly and prettily to one's table, and suggests just the least in the world a dark-eyed dairymaid, or a colleen strayed from some cabin by the bogs.

But she was a good waitress, and customers liked her. She had progressed easily from the popular feeding-den at the Elephant, where she passed her novitiate, to a small and quite smart little café a catapult-throw away from Hanover Square, and nowadays found as much as a shilling under the saucers. Meanwhile, beneath the Honiton-edged triangle of her delicate apron beat a romantic heart.

"You aren't much of a reader, are you?" drawled her companion, Nina.

"No," Lallie said simply; "I generally do a little sewing in the evenings, and on Sundays I go down to Grandma's."

Nina let fall a glance of contempt on Lallie's fresh pink face. She very much despised this shameless confession of illiteracy, for she herself had read several translations from the French and passed her evening hours (when not occupied with young gentlemen friends) in long, dreamy immersions in "nice"



THE MARRIAGE OF LADY ALMA STOPFORD
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THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Lady Alma Stopford is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Courtown. Her marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey L. Hoare, C.B.E., eldest son of Mr. William Hoare, of Summerhill, Benenden, Kent, took place last week. The bride was attended by the Ladies Eileen and Marjorie Stopford (sisters), Miss Hoare and Miss Nancy Hoare (sister and niece of the bridegroom), and the Hon. Patricia, the Hon. Cecilia, and Miss Anne Stopford.—[Photograph by C.N.]

novels about fair women and very brave men. She was unable to understand that Lallie imbibed all the romance she required from fantasies she concocted in her busy little brain about—the customers! The tall, beautiful blonde lady from the milliner's, the pale, dark dancing-master, the motor-salesman with his big cigars, the lovely be-photographed Society person with her two lovely, be-photographed little boys, all of whom came more or less frequently to eat behind the puce-coloured marocain curtains veiling the window of the restaurant—all figured as characters in Lallie's home-made fiction.

Fragments of conversation, a new face, swam magically in the pool of her imagination as she hemstitched a camisole at home in the evenings, or tripped with pigeon-pie and meringues during work hours.

"Who are they?" she inquired of Nina, hurrying past her with a load of lobster patties, one lunch-time, designating with her head a corner table where sat, dreamily searching the eye of her swarthy and handsome little cavalier, the most elegant personage, sombrely arrayed in a Persian lamb coat which fell full to the tips of her open-work deerskin shoes, her remarkably lovely white face, dark eyes, and extremely crimson mouth softened by the black-spotted yashmak which hung from a positive little *chef d'œuvre* of a hat, and rendered more exotic by the rich fringe of many and many a monkey bristling softly round her slim throat and long white fingers.

"Tell you later," Nina gasped, disappearing into the kitchen.

All through the busy lunch-hour, and long after the striking pair in the corner had left, Lallie dreamed on about them, a soft little

[Continued overleaf.]

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Continued.
smile in the corner of her mouth. For her, they were certainly a honeymoon couple, a foreign princess and her new husband. A



THE DOLLY SISTERS IN ERONZE—FROM MR. C. B. COCHRAN'S COLLECTION: BY MISS A. MCCARTHY.

Mr. C. B. Cochran's collection of souvenirs, pictures, and works of art is a remarkable one, illustrated recently in "The Sketch," and admirers of the fascinating Dolly Sisters will be interested in the bronze statuette which we illustrate above. It is by Miss A. McCarthy and is inscribed "To Evelyn and Charlie."

vicarious delight in their happiness (oh, how wonderfully that pale lady had smiled into the eyes of the man!) flooded her heart.

About three o'clock, when things became quieter, Lallie returned to the inquiry.

"Don't you know? You don't say! Well, isn't she a goose? Did you ever hear such a thing, girls? Lallie didn't know —," and she spoke contemptuously of that too famous dark lady.

"Yes, and that fellow with her," chimed in the other girls. "I wonder they have the nerve to be seen about like that together so soon." They chattered out a stream of Sunday-morning scandal which Lallie simply wouldn't listen to, although it made her face burn.

But it spoiled her afternoon.

Another day she fell in love with a plaintive young man who sat drooping over a black coffee near the window. One of the girls quietly enlightened her as to the nature of his sorrows.

In the end she came to suspect a snake under the flower of every fair or interesting face. At home, her mother heard her crying out in the night.

One spring afternoon, the daffodils adorning the little tables suddenly withered up, to Lallie's startled eye. At the last of her tables a girl, quite young and pretty in a fresh, freckled kind of way, was talking to a middle-aged man.

"The beast!" Lallie muttered under her breath as the man swept a plate aside in order to beat a fist emphatically on the damask cloth. She hurried forward, cleared the

table. "What would you like to follow?" she asked him.

He glared at her. "Oh, bring some fal-lals with cream or something for the lady," he said contemptuously, and blew his fairish moustache up and down in excitement. The girl's eyes were alarmingly bright.

Lallie retired to order a *pêche Melba* with her emotional little being seething with rage.

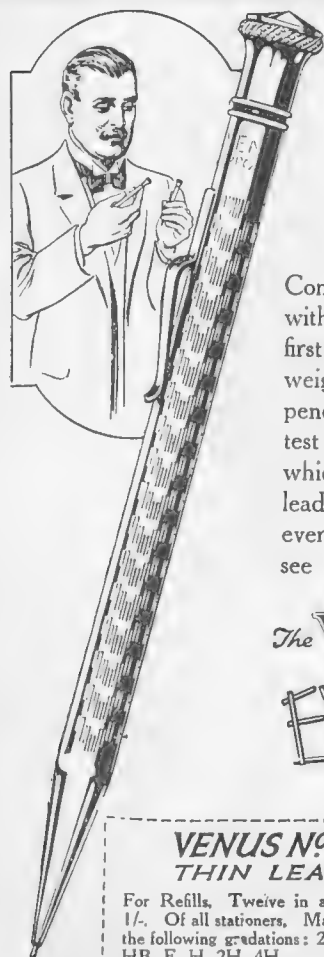
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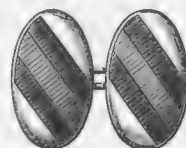
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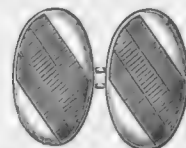


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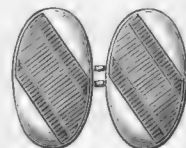


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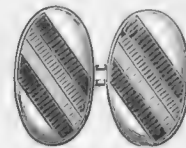


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THE FASHIONABLE RIBBON WRISTLET.

With Diamond Initial set in Palladium and White Enamel Slide.

Every letter from A to Z in stock.



All £3 15 0 each.

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Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Fills the hand basin with its delightful fragrance.

Of exquisite purity, it refines the skin and keeps the complexion youthful.

Price 3/6 per box of 3 large tablets.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from:

YARDLEY & CO., Ltd. 8, New Bond St., London, W.
by Appointment to  H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

THE HAIR REMOVED IN A FEW SECONDS.

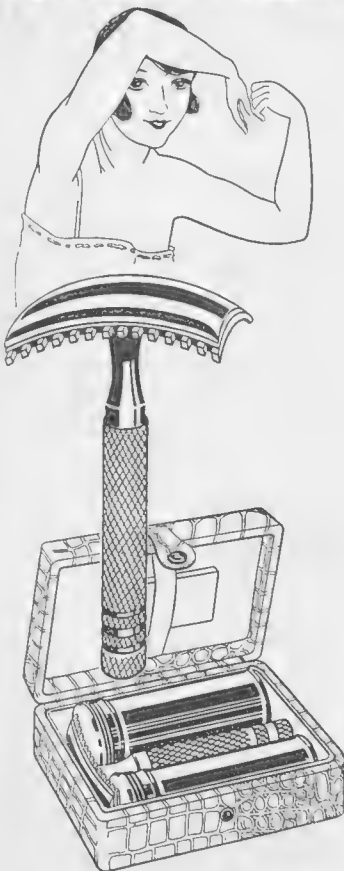
A little perfumed lather and
a few strokes with the

**CARMEN
BEAUTY
RAZOR**
SUPER SAFETY—CANNOT CUT YOU

and you are ready for the show or the dance. No objectionable odour. No burning. No risk. No smarting. No mess. You cannot cut yourself with the Carmen: the blade is fully protected, but it removes HAIR in a trice. It fits the cavity of the ear perfectly, and let us tell you this: shaving does NOT make the hair grow: it is the only clean and sensible way of removing superfluous hair. Don't use messy depilatories any more. Get a 'Carmen' and save yourself trouble and money. The 'Carmen' will last a lifetime and comes to you in a neat grey crocodile-finish case with perfumed shaving powder, guaranteed brush and 6 special blades all complete. Of all chemists and stores. If any difficulty in obtaining a 'Carmen,' send 20/- direct to

THE CARMEN RAZOR CO.

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This charming knitted Costume is an example of the Autumn styles to be seen at Jay's. It is produced in artificial silk and wool mixture, bound with silk braid as sketch. Stocked in an attractive range of colours at 8½ gns

Jay's Ltd.
REGENT STREET
W.1.

BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING REBUILDING

(Continued.)

Horrible old man, how dared he persecute that young girl? There he was again, trying to over-persuade her.

"Oh, but I really can't—I should hate it! Why can't you leave me alone?" Lallie heard her reply softly.

But the middle-aged man was persistent, determined to bend the girl to his will.

Without reflection, Lallie slipped behind a screen and, taking the pencil from behind her pink ear, hastily scribbled on a scrap of paper—

Please excuse me, but don't have anything to do with that man. He is well known to us, and will only do you harm. He tried it on with one of our girls. He is a nasty old thing. Give him the slip.

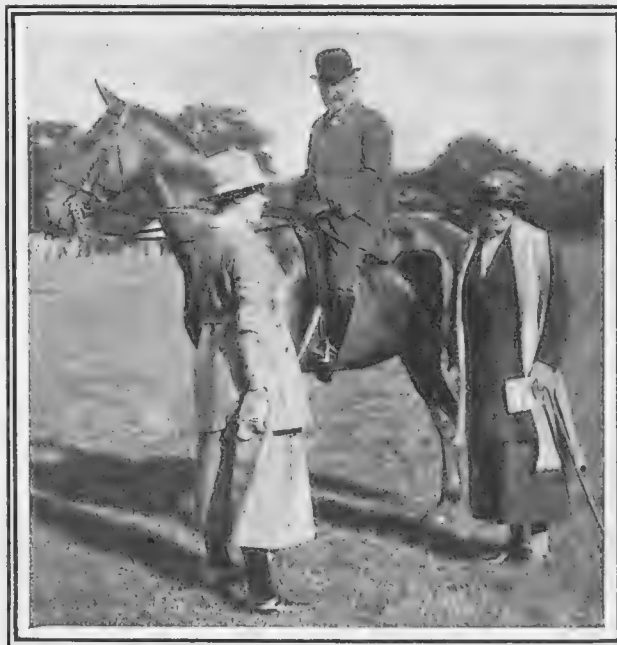
She peeped out, careless of the beckoning of other impatient customers. The old man was leaning forward, apparently on the point of succeeding in his evil intention. The girl's face was hidden beneath her hat, a little silk-clad ankle tapping in agitation under the table.

Lallie approached the pair, prepared to offer them their bill. Her heart was fluttering with mingled fear and wrath. But she was brave.

The old man got up and retired to a little distance, struggling into his overcoat, finding his stick, bumping into people. Lallie quickly slipped her note into the astonished girl's hand and scurried away again. She knew that she had done something bold and dreadful, but perhaps she thought that her solidarity with her sex, as demonstrated by the note, would keep the girl true, too, to the same cause. At any rate, she didn't exactly fear anything serious.

When she returned they had both left their place.

The manageress of the restaurant bore down on Lallie.



AT THE CHERTSEY AGRICULTURAL SHOW: SIR EDWARD STERN CHATTING TO MRS. MICKLEM AND MISS EDEN.

The Chertsey Agricultural Show was held at Lynde, Chertsey, by permission of Sir Edward Stern.—[Photograph by C.N.]

"What explanation have you to give? You must be mad!" she whispered furiously to the waitress.

Lallie trembled; she knew she had done something dreadful; but she was glad to think she had saved the girl!

"How dare you? How dare you? Are you mad?" the restaurant manageress continued.

"He was tempting her," Lallie said simply.

"Out you go, you fool!" said the manageress. "You've lost all sense, insulting that respectable gentleman and his daughter. I could beat you!"

"His daughter?" faltered Lallie. . . .

THE END.

At the Palais de Danse at Hammer-smith last week there was a very successful Masked Carnival Ball, organised by Miss Margaret Chute, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. It was under the patronage of the Princess Royal, and was attended by many people well known in Society and on the stage. Various competitions were held, and the prizes were presented by Princess Andrew of Russia, Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Flora Le Breton, and Miss Mae Marsh. The fox-trot competition was won by Mr. B. I. C. Norton, the well-known tennis-player, whose partner was Miss Guest. Another dance, the "Follow My Leader Ball" (fancy dress or evening dress) for the benefit of the same charity, is to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Nov. 1, and tickets can be obtained from Miss Chute, at 14, Southampton Street, Strand. Early in February it is proposed to give a play called "The Link in the Chain," by Countess of Huntingdon and her daughter, Lady Katherine Curzon Herrick.

The only Successful Method of Removing all Traces of Age

BY a wonderful scientific method known as the Hystogène Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in one to three short visits. The face after treatment looks years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, mouth lines disappear, sagging face is lifted, and the contour of youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming or paraffin injection. The Hystogène method has superseded all old, time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either resulting from age or any other cause.



The following imperfections can be corrected permanently; the process is both painless and harmless:

Sagging Cheeks or Face, Imperfect Facial Contour, Loose and Baggy Skin under the Eyes, Flabby and Wrinkled Eyelids, Overhanging, Fallen and Bulging Eyebrows, Crow's Feet, Wrinkles, Ugly Frown Lines, Lines from Nose to Mouth, Drooping Mouth Corners, Imperfect Nose, Outstanding Ears, Receding Chin, Unrefined Complexion.

Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day.

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Not a Depilatory**

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Consultations invited without any obligation.

Permanent Cure Guaranteed

BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD THE WONDERFUL SOLRAY TREATMENT PAINLESSLY AND PERMANENTLY DESTROYS ANY HAIR GROWTH.

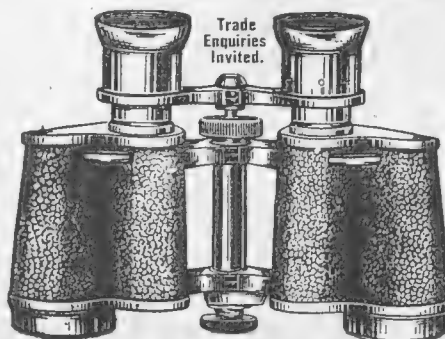
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By all the World-famed Makers—COLMONT, ZEISS, GOERZ, LEMAIRE, HENSHOLDT, &c.

Wonderful Bargains at less than Makers' Prices.

£4 : 19 : 6



Binoculars, 12 gn. model 8x, by Colmont, Paris. Extra large object lens, giving large field of view, bending bar, screw and separate eyepiece focus, great penetration power, name of ship distinctly read three miles from shore, in solid brown leather sling case, week's free trial. Great Bargain, £4 : 19 : 6. Approval with pleasure. We hold a large stock of second-hand Prismatic Glasses, all in new condition, by Colmont, Zeiss, Goerz, Lemaire, Hensholdt, Voigtlander, Leitz, Busch, &c., from £4 : 4 : 0 to £9 : 9 : 0 a pair. List sent post free.

DAVIS (Dept. 21), 26, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, S.E. 5

"SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES"

There is a wonderful choice of beautiful and useful articles for the modern home at St. Dunstan's Shop, at prices to suit all purses, but the handsome wool rugs made by the war-blinded men claim universal admiration and are always in demand.

Available in a wide range of colours and sizes, the makers of these mats are soldiers and sailors who, in addition to their blindness, have suffered such other severe disablement that they cannot undertake the heavier or more active work in which other St. Dunstan's men excel.

Prove to these gallant fellows by your purchases that you admire their splendid work, and their unflinching pluck and cheerfulness.

Write for prices or see a full range of colours and sizes at

ST. DUNSTAN'S SHOP

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Telephone: Gerrard 4223.



Earl Horter writes:—

"I like your 'Eldorado' pencil for three reasons. It is friendly to my touch, responsive to my mood, and it reproduces better than any other pencil I have ever used."

Drawn with an "Eldorado" by Earl Horter, the famous Dutch artist.

DIXON'S ELDORADO

"the master drawing pencil"

In 17 leads—one for every need or preference, 6d. each; 5/3 per doz.

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Resolve NOW that you will have beautiful hair; hair that men will admire and women envy; the rich, lovely, lustrous hair which only Lavona Hair Tonic can be certain of providing. Make your hair wonderful; use this, the one hair-beautifier that cannot fail. Lavona Hair Tonic does more than make the hair grow; it banishes dandruff and brings such life and tone that people will think you have your hair professionally dressed. The cost of this the World's supreme antidote to hair troubles, is small; you can get a package for 2/11 from any chemist, and the price includes an exquisite sham poo.

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FOR THE GIRL WHO CARES

ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH

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Guides (stamp), Town Clerk, Dept. S.C. 12.

FOR WINTER SUNSHINE

All who are considering buying CARPETS

are invited to write for a copy of Hamptons' new book, "Autumn 1922." The values offered are, unquestionably, the best obtainable.

For example:

Hamptons' No. 30 Seamless Axminster Carpet



in many new and very decorative designs and colourings. The quality of these Carpets is good, and they are highly satisfactory in wear.

ft. in.	ft. in.	£	s. d.
6	0	3	8 0
7	6	4	5 0
7	6	5	6 3
9	0	5	2 0
9	0	6	7 6
9	0	7	13 0
10	6	5	19 0
10	6	7	8 9
10	6	8	18 6
10	6	10	8 3
12	0	6	16 0
12	0	7	8 10 0
12	0	9	10 4 0
12	0	10	11 18 0
12	0	12	13 12 0
13	6	9	11 9 6
13	6	10	13 7 9
13	6	12	15 6 0
13	6	13	17 4 3
15	0	9	12 15 0
15	0	10	14 17 6
15	0	12	17 0 0
15	0	13	19 2 6

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Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

THERE'S ONE WAY TO STOP INDIGESTION

and that's to get rid of the dangerous acid that fast weakens the digestive organs. This acid is always present when you have stomach pain or discomfort; it causes fermentation and makes it impossible for your food to do you good. Why carry this needless burden? You can restore your stomach to health and strength in very quick time by taking Bisurated Magnesia. This product neutralises the excess acid the instant it enters the stomach, and it prevents all possibility of fermentation. It enables your stomach to do its own work, and meal-times become enjoyable instead of the reverse. If a doctor had indigestion it is quite likely he would take Bisurated Magnesia, for many medical men, in private practices and in hospitals, praise this preparation highly. The cost is small, as a package of either the powder or the tablet form is readily obtainable at any chemists for 1s. 3d., whilst the word "Bisurated" is boldly displayed on the wrapper to enable purchasers to identify the original and genuine article.

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 30 years

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4/6 A TIN

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As Reliable for lighting the house as for starting the car

THE Chloride ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED

Clifton Junction, nr. Manchester.

57, Victoria St. London S.W.1.

BRIDES-TO-BE: SOME ENGAGEMENTS OF SOCIAL INTEREST.



TO BE MARRIED TO-
DAY (OCT. 18): MISS
MIRIAM TAYLOR.

Photograph by Bassano.

MISS Miriam Taylor is the second daughter of Captain George and Lady Elizabeth Taylor, and cousin of Lord Wilton. Her marriage to Mr. Guy Maurice Berkeley Portman, only son of the late Commander William Portman, R.N., and Mrs. William Portman, was arranged to take place to-day at St. Michael's, Portman Square.

Miss Barbara

Helen de Knoop is the eldest daughter of Mrs. de Knoop, of Tingewick House, Buckingham, and the late Captain Jersey de Knoop, of Calveley Hall, Cheshire. Her engagement to Mr. Norman Duncan McCorquodale, M.C., of the Scots Greys, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McCorquodale, of Winslow Hall, Bucks, was recently announced.

The Baroness de Crombrughe de Looringhe, of 13, Chester Square, is the third daughter of



TO MARRY CAPT. G. E. BELLVILLE:
THE BARONESS DE CROMBRUGHE
DE LOORINGHE.—[Photo. Speaight.]

the late Count R. de Kerchore de Denterghem, and the Countess R. de Kerchore de Denterghem. Her marriage to Capt. G. E. Bellville, Master of the Woodland Pytchley, and fourth son of the late Mr. Bellville and Mrs. Bellville, of 22, Berkeley Square, W., will take place on Oct. 24.

Miss Mildred Mary Winifred Barrow is the only daughter of Sir



TO MARRY MR. E. S. B.
ROWE: MISS MILDRED
BARROW.

Photograph by Blake Studios.

Francis John

Barrow, fourth Bt. She is shortly to marry Mr. Edward Stanhope Benbow Rowe, F.R.G.S., Assistant Secretary to the Municipal Council of Shanghai.

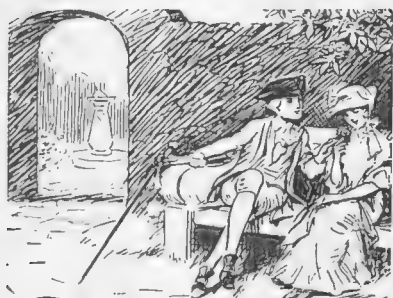
Miss Alexandra Rose Alston is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Alston, and is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra. She is engaged to Mr. Bertram Currie, late of the Scots Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Currie, of Minley Manor, Farnborough, and Coombe Warren, Kingston.



ENGAGED TO MR. NORMAN D.
MACCORQUODALE: MISS BAR-
BARA DE KNOOP.—[Vandyk.]



ENGAGED TO MR. B. CURRIE:
MISS ALEXANDRA ALSTON.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



Memories

To bring back delightful moments spent in a flower-laden garden; to make the flowers live again, to catch their perfumed breath and all that it recalls—that is what Zenobia Perfumes do, so true are they to Nature.

ZENOBIA PERFUMES



Favourites among Zenobia Perfumes are Zenobia Lily of the Valley, 3/-, 5/-, 8/6 and 16/6 per bottle; Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom and Zenobia Night Scented Stock, 3/-, 5/-, 7/6, etc., per bottle.

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By Appointment.



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See "LANCET's" opinion, 27th July, 1907.
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Because NOVIO ROLLS weigh 12 oz. each, and

CONTAIN THREE OR FOUR TIMES MORE
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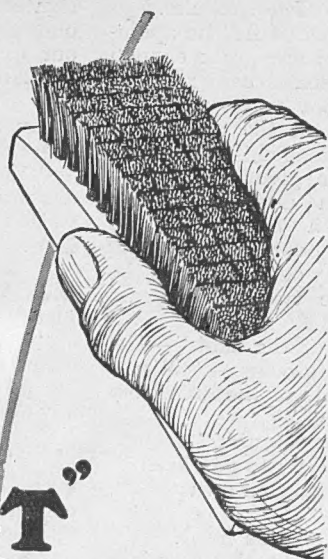


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Letters from grateful clients testify to the wonders these Treatments and Preparations have done for them.

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Write for detailed Price List and Illustrations of other Special Designs in Pottery and Glass for Town or Country.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"QUITE right," assented The City Editor. "You ought to have been going with him, Brokie. If you had been, it might have made a lot of difference."

"Wouldn't have been any use my being there," was the candid reply. "But if Sir Robert Horne is to do any real good in the way of arranging our repayment to America, what I say is that he should be accompanied by a member of the House familiar with international finance."

"The Governor of the Bank of England is one of the party," The Banker pointed out. "Mr. Norman is a far-seeing, clever financier of the best school. Besides, a Treasury man goes with them: I forget his name."

"Well," commented The Engineer, "they've got the biggest job in front of them that has faced anyone since Bonar Law came to the rescue of the Exchequer after McKenna had given Six per cent. on British Government security."

"McKenna shines more brilliantly as a Bank Chairman than he did as Chancellor of the Exchequer," remarked The City Editor. "But, going back to Sir Robert Horne's trip to the States, I do hope that he will arrange some intelligent method of repayment; that's all."

"We agree to pay a definite rate of interest and to repay a fixed amount of the principal every year; that's the idea, isn't it?"

"So. The Americans suggested a minimum rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and a complete wiping-out of the £800,000,000 in twenty-five years. It sounds impossible, but we are a great nation."

"A fact not usually advertised—by Englishmen," said The Merchant drily.

The City Editor accepted the rebuke.

"You know how I intended it," he apologised. "I mean that we are great enough to be able to pay off even a colossal debt like that in a quarter of a century."

"So much depends upon the manner in which repayment is arranged," The City Editor declared. "If we give America an international bond, with interest payable in gold or dollars, at a fixed rate, we should have everyone over here buying it back, and the debt would thereby be paid off long before the twenty-five years are up."

"That doesn't get rid of the debt"—The Engineer dwelt upon the obvious—"all you do is to shift the ownership of the loan from American hands to British."

"Surely that should be the aim," argued The Broker. "It is far better to pay interest on your own national loans to your own people, rather than to strangers?"

They agreed with him on this head.

"This brings me back to the starting-point that you ought to be going out with Sir Robert Horne," said The City Editor.

"Don't know enough about it," reiterated The Broker. "I'm better employed at home, telling people what Rubber shares to buy, and what to avoid."

"The latter advice strikes me as being quite as essential as the former," said The Merchant. "I seem to have dozens of dud certificates."

"Everybody has when they arrive at our age," The Jobber philosophised. "You ought to see my own gallery. It would positively make you weep."

"Funny, isn't it, that we all go wrong like this? We know what this promiscuous buying of speculative rubbish has cost our fathers—and therefore ourselves, as—ahem!—

legatees—and yet we haven't sense to keep out of the perilous pitfalls that yawn beneath our feet."

"How poetical!" sighed The Jobber. "A perfectly balanced mixture of 'Omar Khayyam' and 'If Winter Comes.' Do say some more to us."

"You have not said which Rubber shares are worth buying"—The Engineer pacifically turned to The Broker. "Is this rise going to last?"

"Extremely hard to say. But what you want to do is to keep to companies with plenty of cash in hand."

"Jugra Land and Carey is one," The Merchant observed. "I happen to know by accident."

"What about Mount Austin? The Company pays big dividends."

"That's because it has the benefit of exceptionally good forward sales. And a concern which I believe to be in a sound cash position is the North Hummock."

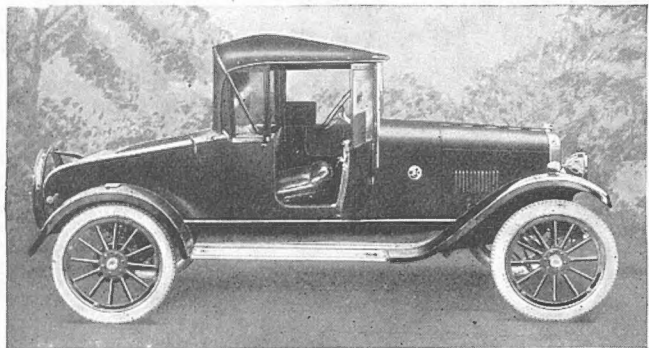
"Sungei Buaya makes a third. Only, mark you, the price has nearly doubled within less than a month. Wouldn't you rather buy Oil shares?"

"Oil is out of favour at present. The Mexican Eagle Company is providing no new plums in the shape of fresh discoveries. Then there's the recent cut in petrol: nobody knows yet whether that's going to affect dividends or not. And so on. I can't see much to go for in the Oil Market just yet."

"There's more to be made out of Marconis," said The Engineer, "with this development of wireless in the home. 'Boom in Broadcasting and Badminton'; can't you see it written in the sky?"

"Bless my soul!" said The Banker, wiping his glasses. "I took that to be an aeroplane."

Friday, Oct. 13, 1922.



The British-Built Overland was created to meet a specific demand. People who wished the best at low cost recognised in Overland a dependable car combining power, beauty and riding comfort with positive economy of operation.

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